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White

LIONEL ATWILL AS DEBURAU

"DEBURAU"—A PLAY OF DISILLUSIONMENT

Celebrated French pantomimist the protagonist of Sacha Guitry's tragi-comedy

SACHA GUITRY
Author of "Deburau"

EVERY now and then—perhaps once or twice in a decade—Europe sends to America a really fine play, a play of genuine human feeling, one that quickens the pulse, and stirs the emotions. Such is "Deburau," tragi-comedy in four acts by Sacha Guitry, which, after a long run in Paris, was recently given an American production by David Belasco. Necessarily, it is a sad play. Laughter touches only the surface. The source of tears lies far deeper. "Deburau" is a sad play because it is a story of poor Pierrot's disillusionment—that cruel, merciless disillusionment which, sooner or later, comes to all of us.

The two Deburaus, father and son, were famous Pierrots, one after the other, in the days when Alexander Dumas, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and George Sand shed the light of their genius on the French stage.

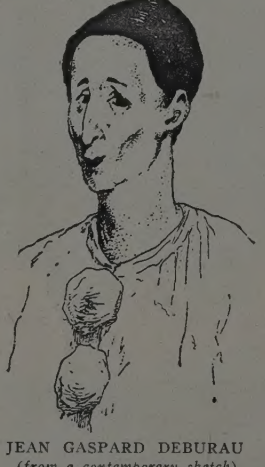
Jean Baptiste Gaspard Deburau, French pantomimic actor, was born at New Kolin, Bohemia, in 1796. His childhood was spent amid the most abject poverty. His father, an old soldier, finally organized a troupe of acrobats and equilibrists made up of his own family and for years they toured the country fairs, their travels extending all over Europe. Jean Gaspard soon distinguished himself above the others, and on his return to Paris, he joined the company at the little Théâtre des Funambules, on the Boulevard du Temple, where he excelled in pantomime. Soon he was acknowledged without a peer among the moon-face harlequins and all Paris ran to acclaim him, George Sand, Théophile Gauthier, and others proclaiming him "the greatest artist of his time."

In 1832, Deburau, ambitious other worlds to conquer, went into vaudeville at the Palais Royal, but the experiment proved a failure. This resulted in his return to the old theatre, where he was welcomed back with a remarkable tribute.

In his pantomimic work, Deburau expressed the emotions of life by the simplest methods and did as much for pantomime as Garrick did for drama. For years he drew crowds to the little Théâtre des Funambules—not a fashionable following by any means, for the ***intelligenzia*** of the time affected to disdain Pierrot's antics. But those able to appreciate his art did not regret the long journey to the Boulevard du Temple, and his fooling ever a source of unalloyed delight to the *jeunesse* and *grisettes* of the *quartier,* Jean Gaspard remained enthroned in the public affections, until one day, while performing, he fell on the stage, injuring himself so severely that it proved fatal. On his death, in 1846, he was succeeded by his son, Charles, who had followed closely in his father's footsteps. But the boy lacked much of his father's skill and never achieved the fame enjoyed by the elder Deburau.

On this foundation which, in some respects, recalls his own career, Sacha Guitry, the talented actor-son of an even greater Boulevard favorite, Lucien Guitry, has written a beautiful, impressive and pathetic play. Pathetic because its smile masks the lonely comedian's breaking heart. This is the web and woof of Guitry's play, written in spirited and often inspired verse which Granville Barker has Englished for our stage.

EXTERIOR OF THE THÉATRE DES FUNAMBULES
Miniature Paris playhouse (period 1830) made famous by Deburau's pantomimic art



JEAN GASPARD DEBURAU
(from a contemporary sketch)

The play opens at the Funambules. Deburau is at the height of his fame. Once more has he triumphed and the audience goes wild over him, much to the discomfiture of fellow performers, temporarily eclipsed by his genius and vogue. A crowd gathers at the stage door to greet the idol of the hour, among them certain frail sisters, who, completely infatuated, are ready to throw their beauty and charms at his feet. But Deburau, a domesticated man, resists the blandishments of the temptress, and to their amorous advances, responds by talking of his little son and showing them his wife's portrait. Picking up his traps, he is starting for home, when, suddenly, he is confronted by another of the sex, no less a personage than the famous courtisan, Marie Duplessis. This time the temptation is beyond his courage to resist. He succumbs and they walk away together as the act ends.

The original of Dumas' "Lady with the Camelias," that unhappy heroine of an unselfish love whose untimely end has probably caused more tears to flow in the theatre than any other stage character, Marie Duplessis was the daughter of a laundress. A frail, exquisite creature, she soon succumbed to the life of pleasure and when she died at the age of twenty, the most famous literary men in France, including the younger Dumas, whose infatuation for her was well known, made the pilgrimage to Montmartre Cemetery where her grave is pointed out to visitors to the present day.

Act II shows Marie's apartment. Deburau has been there not once, but several times. Conscience stricken, he returns home to his wife, only to find that she has eloped with another man. Overjoyed, he returns to Marie, but he finds that during his absence, a rival, younger and more handsome, has taken his place. He starts to withdraw, with apologies for his intrusion, when Marie halts him, introducing the new comer:

"Monsieur Deburau — Monsieur Armand Duval."

Act III finds poor Pierrot despondent. Disillusionment has begun. Ill in body and mind, he has not acted at the Funambules for months and he doesn't care if he never appears there again. His son, Charles, thinking to please him, offers to don the motley and act in his place. The unintentional thrust goes home. Well Deburau knew that one day the boy would succeed him, but he did not realize that the day was so close at hand. Marie comes to see him, no longer the adored mistress, but the sympathetic comrade, sorry for her old friend (*Continued on page* **148**)

CURTIS COOKSEY *(the lover)*; MARY NASH *(the wife)*; JOSE RUBEN *(the husband)*

New variation of the eternal triangle and three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover in, "THY NAME IS WOMAN," at The Playhouse

LOTUS ROBB AND ROLAND YOUNG in Clare Kummer's delightful comedy "ROLLO'S WILD OAT" at the Punch and Judy

Rollo, an idle rich young man, decides that the ambition of his life is to play Hamlet, and picks out for Ophelia a young woman who admits she can't act at all—all of which makes for most amusing situations

White

TRAGEDY AND LAUGHTER IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

FASHIONABLE THESPIANS

Actresses whose talent and beauty have won ducal coronets

By HAROLD SETON

THE recent marriage of Miss Jose Collins, of the London comedy stage, to Lord Robert Innes-Kerr, youngest brother of the Duke of Roxburghe, reminds us that there has always been strong sympathy between Society and the Stage. Actresses have become peeresses and leaders of fashion have deserted the drawing room for the footlights. Romantic matings of this kind were even more common in the last century than they are today. Kitty Clive, the well-known Drury Lane actress and Mrs. Farren, greatly admired for her impersonations of fine ladies, both married into the nobility, while Anne Oldfield, the erstwhile barmaid, became the associate of duchesses.

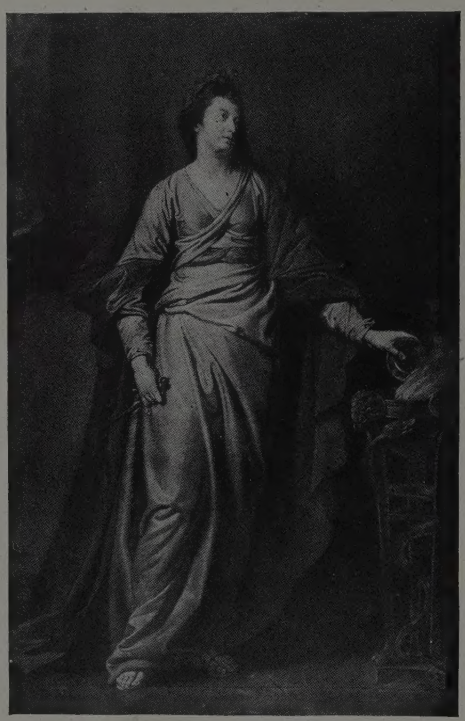
From the earliest times, the nobility have befriended and patronized the player. In Shakespeare's day it was not safe for actors to even attempt to give public performances unless they first placed themselves under the protection of some ducal house.

Originally banded together in small companies, the players wandered from place to place, presenting plays in the courtyards of inns or in the residences of nobles. At best, they were merely regarded as clever vagabonds. In Shakspeare's time women took no part in these performances. It was not until the reign of Charles II that Samuel Pepys records in his famous diary the advent of a female on the London stage.

After that, with the ever-increasing popularity of plays, actors and actresses were as much admired in private life as in public, and many men and women of the theatre became favorites in society—a surprising fact in view of the humble origin of most of these favored ones. But personal charm and artistic ability were able to overcome even the formidable barriers of British conservatism.

An instance of extraordinary advancement from obscurity to fame is that of Mary Ann Yates (1728-1787). The daughter of William Graham, a ship's steward, she appeared at Drury Lane in 1753, the piece being Samuel Crisp's "Virginia," in which David Garrick played Virginius. Continuing in the company, she was gradually entrusted with the leading parts. Mrs. Yates, whose husband, Richard Yates, was a well-known comedian who reached the age of ninety, succeeded Mrs. Cibber as the foremost tragic actress of the English stage, and was in turn succeeded—and eclipsed—by Mrs. Siddons.

This famous "queen of the stage" (1755-1831), the eldest of the twelve children of Roger Kemble, an actor, was born in "The Shoulder of Mutton" public-house, at Brecon, Wales, and appeared on the stage while still a child. Her marriage to William Siddons, an actor in her father's company, was objected to, so Siddons was dismissed, and Sarah was sent as lady's maid to a Mrs. Greathead, at Guy's Cliff, in Warwickshire. Here she recited Shakespeare in the servant's hall. Garrick engaged her for Drury Lane, but she produced no impression, and she remained in the provinces until 1782, when she appeared at Drury Lane in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," achieving a triumph only equalled in the history of the English stage by Garrick's own first night at the same theatre. The enthusiasm was unbounded.



MRS. YATES

One of the foremost tragic actresses of the English stage (1728-1787)

In her earlier years she appealed by her tender sensibility, in later life by her overwhelming grandeur. Her greatest parts were Lady Macbeth and Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII," although she held audiences spellbound as Ophelia, Desdemona and Volumnia in "Coriolanus."

Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her garment in the famous portrait of the actress as the Tragic Muse by Sir Joshua Reynolds. "I would not lose," he said, "the honor this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Portraits by Lawrence and Gainsborough are in the National Gallery, London. She was buried in Paddington churchyard, but there is a statue to her memory in Westminster Abbey.

Elizabeth Farren, a contemporary of Siddons (1759-1829), was the daughter of an itinerant actor named Farren, and she appeared upon the stage as a child. Her London début was in 1777 at the Haymarket Theatre, as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." She was greatly admired for her impersonations of fine ladies, and on the retirement of Mrs. Abingdon, became England's leading actress in comedy. Long received in the most aristocratic society, she married the Earl of Derby. Her portrait, one of the earliest and finest examples of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Another famous actress Dorothea Jordan, popularly known as "Mrs. Jordan" (1762-1816), was born in Ireland. Her father was a stage-hand. She did not appear in London until 1785, when she played Peggy in "A Country Girl," at Drury Lane Theatre. Before the end of her first season she had become a great favorite, being especially admired in comedy. In 1811 she transferred her services to Covent Garden, where, in 1814, she made her last appearance on the London stage, the following year retiring altogether. She was the favorite of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV, the eldest of her ten children being created Earl of Munster.

Eliza O'Neil, after whom Nance O'Neil was named, was born in 1791. The daughter of an Irish actor, she first appeared in Dublin in 1811, and made her London début at Covent Garden Theatre in 1814, achieving immediate success as Juliet. For the next five years she was extremely popular in comedy and tragedy, although preferred in tragedy, being rather unwisely compared to Mrs. Siddons. Having become a favorite with fashionable folk, she retired from the stage in 1819, at the time of her marriage to William Wrixon Becher, an Irish Member of Parliament, who in 1831 was created a baronet.

A picturesque stage personality of the 17th century was Thomas Betterton (1635-1710). The son of an under-cook in the household of Charles I, this famous actor began as a member of Sir William Davenant's company at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. His merit quickly recognized, he was sent, at the instigation of Charles II, to Paris, to study the French stage, this visit bringing the young actor in contact with Molière. The Merry Monarch thought so highly of Betterton that for a performance of Alvaro, in "Love and Honour," His Majesty lent his coronation costume to the player. After a retirement of many years, Betterton being in reduced circumstances, he was tendered a public benefit. He was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, this being at that time, a unique distinction for an actor.

THE MERCILESS MANAGER

Holding, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE

THE STAGE BEAUTY

This fragile flower protected herself against the wintry blasts that blow about the vicinity of Times Square, but—
the heartless manager costumed her for his big Esquimau Scene

THE VAMP

She was happy in the bosom of her family, but—
the manager snatched her from it and placed her in the proper surroundings for a she-male of her species

THE HEROIC LEAD

No longer young as he once was, this peaceful gentleman was content to promenade the Pom in morning coat and spats, but—

the manager got him, so now he wears no coat at all, and his spats are with bad men

Elizabeth Barry, an actress who followed in Betterton's footsteps, was in the beginning so unsuccessful that she was dismissed from one company after another, but she was carefully coached by her admirer, the Earl of Rochester, who had laid a wager that he would make a first-rate actress of her. Mrs. Barry's performance as Isabella in "Mustapha," so impressed the Duke and Duchess of York that the Duchess took lessons in English from the actress, and later, when the Duchess had become Queen, she followed the example of Charles II and Betterton, and lent her coronation robes to Mrs. Barry for the rôle of Elizabeth in "The Earl of Essex."

Another actor who attained distinction was Barton Booth (1681-1733). He was related to Henry Booth, Earl of Warrington. After running away from Oxford, where he was studying for the church, he went on the stage, gaining immediate approval at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. In 1713 he played Cato, in Addison's tragedy of that name, and became the rage among the nobility, who placed their carriages at his disposal, and besought the honor of his company at dinner. As the guest of royalty he frequently stayed at Windsor Castle over night.

ONE of the most romantic of stage careers was that of Anne, better known as "Nance" Oldfield (1683-1730), whom tradition credits with having started life as a barmaid. The daughter of a private soldier, Farquhar the dramatist overheard her reciting some lines and, through his influence, she obtained an opening at Drury Lane. Ten years later she was the foremost actress of the time and the idol of all classes, duchesses vying with each other for the honor of her acquaintance. She was especially successful in polite comedy, and was noted for her beauty and handsome costumes. Only forty-seven years of age at the time of her death, she left, it was said, "all the court and half the town in tears." She was buried in Westminster Abbey, beneath the monument to William Congreve.

ANOTHER actress of very humble origin, was Hannah Pritchard (1711-1768), who was found singing at a public fair. During the last twenty years of her life she was a member of Garrick's company at Drury Lane, where, both in comedy and tragedy, she was highly esteemed. Her farewell appearance was as Lady Macbeth, her most noted rôle. A few months after her retirement, she died at Bath, wealthy and respected, for some time past having been received in the most exclusive circles of society.

Kitty Clive (1711-1785), who underwent a transformation, was an Irish girl. Some people who overheard Kitty singing while scrubbing a doorstep were so impressed that they secured her a theatrical engagement. In 1728 she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of Colley Cibber. Soon after that she married George Clive, a relative of the great Lord Clive, soldier and statesman. In 1731 she became firmly established as a comic actress and singer in Charles Coffee's operatic farce, "The Devil to Pay," and henceforth was a universal favorite. Her quick wit and sound sense made her the welcome companion of the most noted people of her time. She was unreservedly praised by Goldsmith and Johnson. Horace Walpole placed in his garden a memorial urn with this inscription:

The Comic Muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired.

An actress as eccentric as her name, was George Anne Bellamy (1727-1788). Born in Ireland, she was educated at a convent in Boulogne at the expense of Lord Tyrawley, British Ambassador first to Portugal and later to Russia. Through Lord Tyrawley she met many prominent people in London, including David Garrick and Peg Woffington, and made her stage début at Covent Garden in 1744. Owing to her personal charm and social prestige, her success was immediate, and she played the principal tragic rôles until 1770. Her last years were passed in poverty and ill health, the result of her own dissipations.

A PLAYER who literally rose "from rags to riches," was Frances Abingdon (1737-1815). The daughter of a private soldier, she began life as an errand girl, and acquired a knowledge of French and an eye for effect from a milliner by whom she was employed. Becoming a flower-girl, she was known to the town as "Nosegay Nan," and finally made a stage début at the Haymarket Theatre in 1757. She married Mr. Abingdon, her music-teacher. In 1765 she joined the company at Drury Lane.

The original Lady Teazle, after the retirement of Mrs. Pritchard and Kitty Clive, she had no rivals on the London stage, and became the leading comic actress of the period, a great favorite in society. Her characteristic headdress was copied by aristocratic dames, "the Abingdon cap," being known even in Paris. Dibdin records that, "Her taste for dress was novel and interesting. She was consulted by ladies of the first distinction, not from caprice, but from a decided conviction of her judgment in blending what was beautiful with what was becoming." Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his best portrait of her.

KILLING THE GOOSE

An inquiry into the decline of "the road"

THERE is a decided tendency on the part of the modern commentator on affairs of the theatre to question the business sagacity of our commercial managers in the conduct of their past and present attractions on the road. For "the road" has fallen upon evil days. Not a manager launches a company upon its course, no matter how successful the vehicle presented, without fearful misgivings of its power to duplicate its New York impression.

Time was when Topeka or St. Joe could be expected to rise magnificently to a "William A. Brady Presents:" but a number of reasons now contribute to the stony calm that such an announcement might be expected to create, should the billboards of said towns—which are to be taken as typical—blazon forth such an announcement—which is also to be considered typical.

For the managers have only themselves to blame for killing the road—the goose that laid the golden egg—and try as they will to find an alibi in the increased costs of production, transportation, the drawing power of the movies, etc., they cannot escape the fact that they have been remiss in repeatedly imposing on the credulity of the small-town audience.

It is not so long ago when "the road" believed that a play that ran for three or four months in New York *must* be good, not realizing that the only reason it was kept in New York was for the advertising value attached to the length of its metropolitan run. "Direct from a five month's run at the Criterion Theatre" sounded very impressive to the inhabitants of Topeka, where a play seldom stayed longer than a day. But after the good citizens had planked down their several dollars and sat through a shabby production, shabbily acted—a presentation which compared unfavorably with the work of a familiar stock company, the glamour of New York prestige began to wear off. And in the end, as was to be expected, they "wised up" to the tricks of the theatrical trade.

Another contributing cause toward the prevailing apathy of the road lies not alone in the inferior companies sent out as duplicates of the New York companies, but also in the inferior casts that are sent on the road in support of a star. Thus, Mr. H. T. Parker, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, scores Marjorie Rambeau for acting "The Sign on the Door," on the road "in a key far different from that originally set and by a cast appreciably inferior to the earlier players," and caustically concludes: "Our compensation is presumed to be the great, the good, the condescending Miss Rambeau, deigning at last to set foot upon Bostonian, Chicagoan, Philadelphian stages."

In view of the enormous profits which a few years ago accrued to the astute commercial manager who sent a worthy attraction on the road it is rather difficult to understand why they have sold their birthright. The audiences of the road are certainly as loyal as metropolitan audi- (*Continued on page* 132)

DAISY ASHFORD
(Grace Dougherty)
Has an "Idear" and begins work on her masterpiece

Ethel and Salteena dash to the station. They are on their way to "unconventionally" visit Bernard Carter

Ethel and Salteena enjoy the luxury of breakfast in bed in their adjoining rooms at the Gaiety Hotel

As Bernard Carter's guest, Salteena learns that non-familiarity with social usages has its drawbacks

DAISY ASHFORD'S FAMOUS BOOK "THE YOUNG VISITERS" DRAMATIZED

REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Famous old burlesque produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AN event unique in character and interest is the revival by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theatre of Gay's famous burlesque farce, "The Beggar's Opera." First performed in New York by the Murray-Kean Company in 1750, this piece, which first took London by storm in 1727, continued popular on the American stage for over half a century.

For months and months this strange and brilliant work has been attracting thousands to a suburban house at Hammersmith, near London. Age has not withered, nor has custom staled, its wit, its charm and its relentless irony. Two centuries have almost come and gone since it was first revealed. And still its spell persists and holds the crowd.

When John Gay dared to write, "The Beggar's Opera," the opera of the day was ruled by foreigners. Already, Addison had mocked at snobs who applauded works they could not understand, for they were sung to them, not in the English tongue, but in Italian. To some extent, Gay's sprightly ballad opera protested cleverly against this rank absurdity. But its first object was to lampoon the rank corruption of the Cabinet, which was then headed by Sir Robert Walpole. And it was meant, of course, to do much more than that —to lash the manners of a coarse, immoral age. It did its triple task with ruthless wit and frankness, denouncing social vices and political rottenness.

To most of us, however, it appeals not as a satire on the sins of Georgian days, than as the beginning of the topsy-turvy humor which, long after, found such wonderful exponents in Gilbert and Sullivan. Without John Gay we might have never had "The Mikado," and "The Pirates" and "H. M. S. Pinafore." It was Gay, and the composers to whose lilts and airs he set his reckless words who inspired the works of those Victorian ironists. The tricks of style, the point of view, the forms at which we laugh in Gilbert's lyrics had their inception in the ancient "Beggar's Opera." The patter songs and humors of "The Mikado," above all, were clearly foreshadowed in the ditties scattered up and down the pages of that work. At points the similarities are staggering. Had Gay not lived, we might have had no Gilbert.

The chief character in the "opera" is Macheath, a highwayman, who flirts and rakes and is loved by all the ladies. A cynical jailer, and an outrageous hangman, supply much of the grim comedy in the opera. The sentiment, largely amorous and unshrinking, is added by two of Macheath's numerous rival sweethearts.

As it was written, in the plain language of Gay's time, some of the text has had to be toned down and bowdlerized. For Gay wrote with the crudeness of Defoe. We are too prudish to endure such things he said. Yet, if we would but be sincere, we might admit that many vices which he attacked in life and politics need scouraging just as much in our own day. The highwaymen of Gay's time are now gunmen, train-robbers, profiteers and motor-bandits. They are less picturesque than in the long ago. But, in essentials, they are just what they were then. Our Cabinet Ministers and law-makers drink grape juice. They go to church and ape respectability. But are they really very different from the characters lampooned so savagely in parts of "The Beggar's Opera?"

The "Lillibullero"—a political air once hummed by every Londoner—may have lost its point. But that other air, named "Green Sleeves," still means much to us.

"Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn Tree!
But Gold from Law can take out the Sting;
And if rich Men like us were to swing,
T'wou'd thin the Land, such Numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree!"

The lilts of the lyrics in "The Beggar's Opera," were borrowed here and there, as suited Gay. One of his songs ("Let Us Take the Road"), at least, was set to Handel's music—another ("Virgins Are Like the Flowers of May"), to an air Purcell had given us. Some of the songs and choruses and dance tunes in the score are just as ravishing, in their naiveté, as when they first delighted London town. Listen and you may find in one of the ballads the fount and origin of the "Titwillow," sung in "The Mikado." Another has in it the ditty anent crime and punishment. In "The Beggar's Opera" are airs (*Continued on page* 132)

Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit making vain pleas for Macheath's life.

HOGARTH'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF ACT III, "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Nickolas Muray

BEN-AMI

This young Russian actor, first seen on the lower East side and later associated with the best achievements of the Jewish Art Theatre, is now appearing in the vernacular as a Broadway star. His performance of the betrayed husband in "Samson and Delilah," has stirred some critics to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, although the more conservative commentators are somewhat reserved in their praise

Marion Barney, at present playing Mary Courtney in "The Woman of Bronze," has acted tragedy so long that she is glad of an occasional laugh when off duty. Hence the book—one of Mark Twain's funniest

(Right)
Jane Meredith, the vamp of "Enter Madame," is not engrossed in "Three Weeks" as you might suppose from her line of business. She finds far more pleasure in the respectable pages of Thackeray

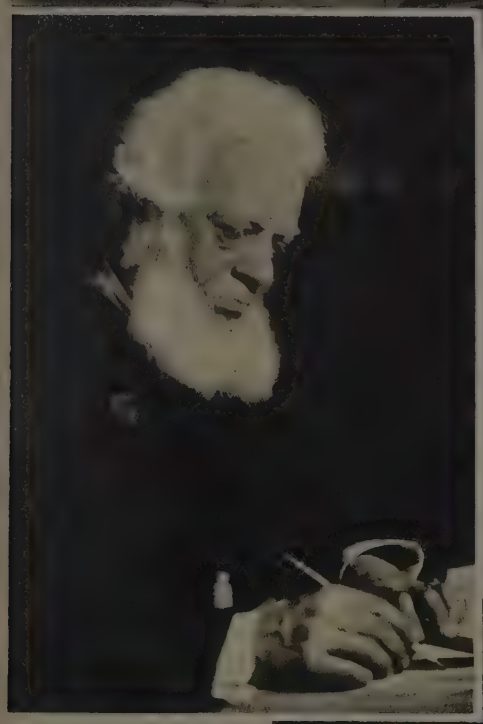
(Center)
Beatrice Nichols, after breaking her heart over an unhappy love affair each evening in "Lightnin'" consoles herself after the performance by delving into the absorbing pages of David Copperfield

Photos by Bachrach

Mary Brandon, who plays Essie Solomon in "Welcome Stranger," finds it a relief to turn from the broad humor of Jewish comedy to the romantic stories of her uncle, Booth Tarkington

THE BOOKS THEY LIKE BEST

Act I. Captain Shotover's living room, a replica of the ship's cabin in which he spent a lifetime. Something like Gilbert's Palace of Truth, here all the old sailor's relatives assemble and speak what they think regardless of consequences

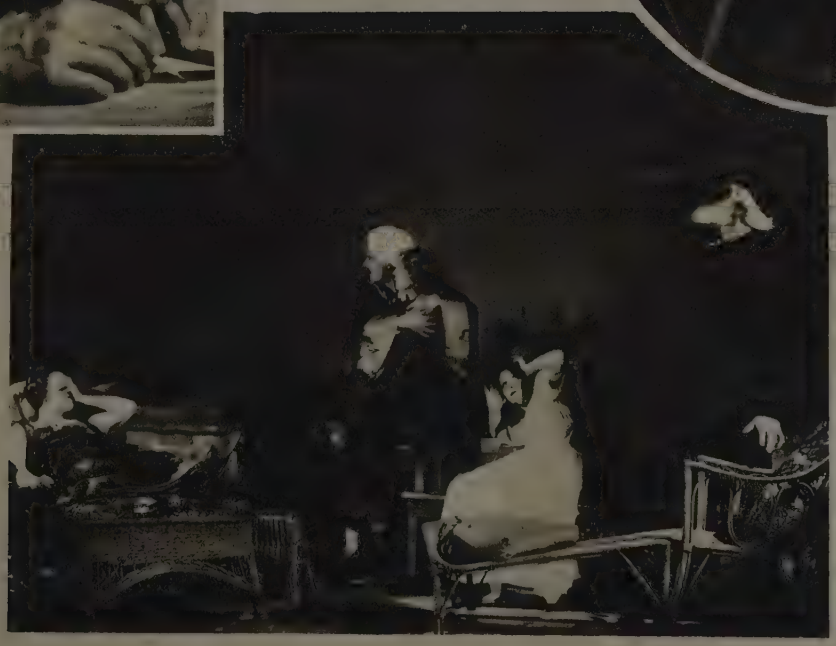


ALBERT PERRY

as the eccentric old sea-dog, Captain Shotover

HENRY TRAVERS

as the burglar, a humorous character introduced to air Shaw's peculiar philosophy



Act III. An air raid over the garden of "Heartbreak House" leads to a general moral awakening

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"—SHAW'S DELIGHTFULLY IMPOSSIBLE COMEDY

NEW FACES FOR OLD ONES

The stage masks of ancient Greece revived by W. T. Benda

By CAROL BIRD

A HEAVY portière in the studio was pushed aside and "a vision of loveliness," as the fiction writers say, stepped into the studio. She wore an Oriental gown of flamboyant coloring, and a bizarre head-dress. Her skin was the kind you love to touch. There was something distinctly seductive about her face, and a witchery in her expression as she stood before the artist's guests, apparently forgetting that she was not just then called upon to pose.

She turned her lovely head from side to side, tilted it coquettishly, smiled an alluring smile, and sent forth a mysterious glance from under half-closed lids. Certainly she was adorable! The waiting guests found her a charmer until they happened to glance down at her feet. She had feet that no lady should have. They were quite large, and encased in wide, stout shoes.

Suddenly she raised one silken covered arm in a sweeping, graceful movement, and took off her face. W. T. Benda, the well-known artist and illustrator, stood smiling mischievously in the spot where the sorceress had been.

The transformation was a startling and uncanny one.

"You liked my lovely lady?" mocked Mr. Benda. "No—don't deny it. You positively simpered at her. I saw you. I was looking through her nose at you."

WITH this cryptic remark, the creator of the famous Benda masks, used so effectively for the first time in the "Greenwich Village Follies," revealed one of the mysteries of the life-like faces which he originated, and which have such far-reaching possibilities for use in the theatre. The fact that the wearer of one of these masks looks through the nostrils instead of the eye-sockets was one of the first interesting revelations Mr. Benda made regarding his odd and beautiful inventions.

Before he again sinks his identity in that of another of his mask-characters, get acquainted with the man who not only creates life-like masks, but who draws the idealized faces which gaze up at you from the pages of the magazines. W. T. Benda is the only name by which you know him. The W stands for Wladyslaw.

"Don't try to pronounce it," warns Mr. Benda. "It's one of those full-blown names—like a ship with all its sails set. Once a friend addressed a letter to me 'Mr. Whatname Benda,' and I never even discovered the *badinage*. My sister pointed it out to me. I only knew that the requisite number of letters seemed to be there, and I didn't notice anything else."

Mr. Benda was born in Poznan, Poland. When he was five years of age he began to take drawing lessons. Later, his parents decided that he ought to be a civil engineer, and he studied at the College of Technology in Cracow. The lure of drawing still bound him, however, and he made his choice. He would be an artist. So he attended the Academy of Art in Cracow, later went to Vienna to continue his studies, and from Vienna to California with his parents to visit his aunt, Helena Modjeska. Later, he came to New York, and it was not long before the magazine editors fell under the spell of the famous Benda Girl.

SHE was different from the girls they had been accustomed to buy to grace the pages of their publications. She had individuality. She was a distinct type. The very *contour* of her face was radically different from that of the regular pictured magazine girl. She had rather high cheek bones. She did not smile as much as did the other girls. There was something sweetly grave about her expression, a spirituality which the others lacked, and, lacking, appeared commonplace and rather soulless, compared with the Benda Girl.

The artist's softly lighted studio on Gramercy Park is an ideal place in which to display his masks. It is a delightful room, with something a bit weird and Oriental permeating it. Oriental rugs and draperies, great carved antique couches and mosaic chests, and floor lamps with gorgeous silken shades, and wondrous designs painted on them, help to create an effect which is luxuriously artistic.

Tangled in the silken coverings of a couch was a large mask which Mr. Benda picked up, and, turning his back, adjusted it to his head. He swerved about suddenly. In the dim light the effect was almost terrifying. A great sea monster leered at us, his face a sickish green, his expression malevolent. Great, horn-like ears protruded from the sides of his head. He looked as though any moment he might lunge forward and swallow us.

MR. Benda finally removed this mask, and adjusted another—that of a Japanese girl. Her skin was saffron-tinged, her expression enigmatic. Another lightning change, and the Jap Girl became a beautiful American, haughty, a bit disdainful, and with lips parted slightly as though in surprise.

She, in turn, merged into a girl whose vapid, stupid expression was almost irritating, as she pursed up her silly lips and stared blankly about the room. Then came a beauteous lady, with a high and gorgeous headdress, topped off by long, curling peacock feathers. There followed a girl who wasn't pretty at all, and who had irregular features, and an unlovely curl to her lips. She was closely followed by a pale damsel, who looked as pessimistic as any lady could, and as though she might burst into tears at any moment. Her head bowed low, she was the picture of unhappiness and despair. But the most striking face of all belonged to a man. It was a great, leonine affair, swarthy, furrowed, too strong-featured, and it wore an ugly, vicious, snarling expression.

In these three last unlovely masks, Mr. Benda, with the malicious delight of a boy, showed his reaction after an enforced period of drawing lovely faces. It was his chance to show some faces as they really are.

The Benda masks present almost unlimited possibilities for use in the theatre, and will play a prominent part in productions of the future. Mr. Benda is at present working on masks for a one-act pantomime, to be of about twenty minutes duration. It will first be presented in Paris, and later here.

Playwrights have suggested to Mr. Benda that masks could be used successfully on the speaking stage, and this idea has interested him greatly. He plans to make an entirely new kind of mask than he has already created—masks which permit the wearers to speak easily and distinctly.

Dancers will continue to wear the Benda mask as it is now, and as used in the "Greenwich Village Follies." When the Cochran *Revue* opens in London this season the Benda masks will be worn.

CASTING aside his gorgeous kimona, Mr. Benda came out from under his disguise long enough to explain how the idea for his unusual masks germinated.

"I was invited to a costume ball, and at the last minute discovered that I had forgotten to buy a face mask. The only thing that remained for me to do was to make one out of paper, and paint it with oils. My home-made face made quite a hit, but when I came home from the ball I tossed it in the waste-basket. Every time I passed the basket, however, that face peered up at me and looked so human that I decided to experiment a bit. It took me six weeks to make each one of the first masks.

"My sister wore one of the first realistic ones at a party. After meeting the guests, she left the room, and returned wearing the mask. She was again introduced under another name, and, because the masks were still in the experimental stage, the construction of them did not then permit her to speak very distinctly. So she thought it wise not to be loquacious. One of the men guests remarked to some one that he had never met such a shy and diffident young woman. It was a surprised gathering which learned later that the lady's face was but a mask.

"These guests, like yourself, and like practically every one else who has seen the masks, remarked that the expressions of the mask-faces seem to change, appearing first haughty, then laughing, then pensive, and so on, apparently going the (*Continued on page* 138)

Measuring for the mask

Starting to work

Photos W. J. Fredricks

Painting the face

The finished mask

W. T. BENDA AT WORK ON HIS REMARKABLE MASKS

© Moffet

OLIVE WYNDHAM

Soft voiced, well bred, distinguée, Miss Wyndham is an actress everyone likes to see and hear. To her this season falls the privilege of being the only woman in the cast of William Archer's play "The Green Goddess."

Nickolas Muray

FLORENCE REED

The hectic woman, such as her present rôle in "The Mirage," has always appealed strongly to this interesting actress. Though an American, her tastes are distinctly oriental. In another incarnation she expects to return to earth a Chinese lady of high degree

Goldberg

ETHELIND TERRY

It was only by chance that this attractive ingénue, whose vivacity and dancing add much to the attractiveness of "Honeydew," got her opportunity on Broadway. She was understudying for Eleanor Painter in "Florodora" when Alma Gluck happened to hear her sing and urged Mr. Weber to engage her for the Zimbalist operetta

RUTH FINDLAY

Of the ethereal, dresden China type, this popular young actress suits best the dainty rôles. Not for her the tumultuous clash of passion; rather is she fortune's favorite on whose flaxen curls gently blow the scented zephyrs of sentiment. In the dual rôle of "The Prince and the Pauper," she at all times makes an interesting and picturesquely pathetic figure

Alfred Cheney Johnston

FOUR POPULAR LEADING WOMEN

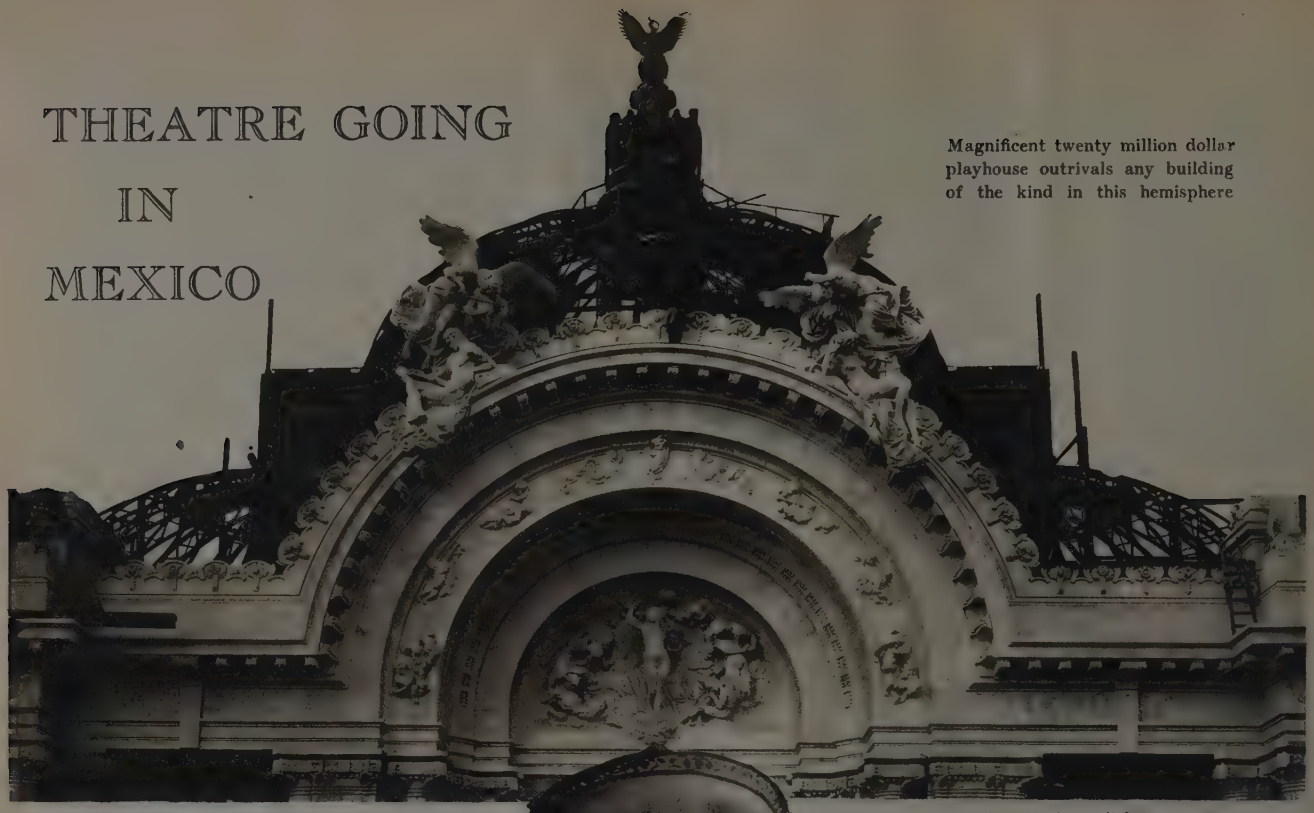
Photocraft

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN AS MRS. STAFFORD IN "JUST SUPPOSE"

This well beloved actress, who, on death of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, inherited the title "grand old woman of the American theatre," has been on the stage for over half a century. She began her career as a singer, but, entering the dramatic field, made a specialty of old woman portrayals. For thirteen years she was a valued member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre stock company, and identified with all the successes of that organization. Schooled in the best traditions of the stock company days, she is one of the last survivors of a better theatrical era

THEATRE GOING IN MEXICO

Magnificent twenty million dollar playhouse outrivals any building of the kind in this hemisphere



Beautiful facade of the National Theatre, City of Mexico

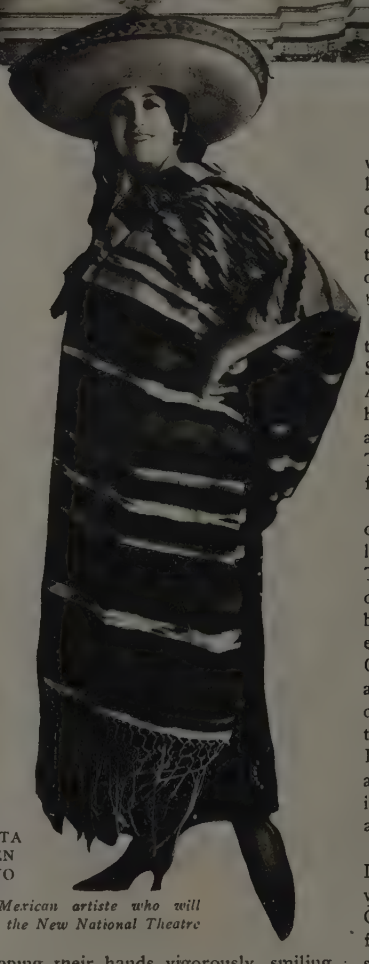
Showing bas relief groups by Leonardi Bistolfi

THEATRE-GOING in Mexico is a joyful procedure. It is in the nature of a skylark, a madcap adventure, a gay fling at abandon.

There is a delightful air of uncertainty about the whole affair. The initial thrill is experienced when you first arrive at the theatre. You fight your way through a great throng of speculators who hem you in, and halt your progress toward the box office. They hurl a stream of Spanish at you, and clutch your arm to attract your attention. Exasperated, you break their hold, and find the good-looking Mexican girl in the box office looking at you reprovingly. Then she tells you that the house is sold out.

You take a chance with the speculators, and finally find yourself up in the balcony, in the last row, behind a pillar. You do not complain, because you paid only eight pesos (four dollars) for the tickets. As you fail to see an usher anywhere, you locate your own seats. Two women occupy them, but they obligingly depart when you arrive. It is the custom in Mexico to sell standing room, and the people who do not buy reserved seats use the unoccupied ones in the house before they are claimed.

The performance you are witnessing is called "La Caramelera." It is at the Teatro Colon in Mexico City, and stars Maria Conesa. Senorita Conesa puts plenty of verve and fire and intense feeling into her work, and at the end of the first act, when she beats her breast tragically, runs her hands despairingly through her black hair, and then begins to wail, you are startled by the wave of thunderous applause which rolls over the house. And then you discover that you and your American companion are the only ones in the house who remain seated. Every one else is standing, clapping their hands vigorously, smiling, and laughing aloud their satisfaction with the artiste's work. They do not stop applauding, and Maria Conesa and members of her company acknowledge encores almost throughout the entire intermission.



SENORITA CARMEN CORNEJO

Typical Mexican artiste who will appear at the New National Theatre

It is the same way with a piece of music—when the orchestra offers something particularly spirited, with the music rising to a crescendo, it is then that the audience is most delighted. Undoubtedly it is the Latin temperament which is responsible for this desire for the intense, the highly dramatic, the vigorous in action.

Because the performance resembles a pantomime to you, who cannot understand Spanish, you depart after the second act. A man at the door informs you that you could have purchased tickets for but two of the acts, and thus saved yourself some money. Tickets can be bought by the act, instead of for an entire performance.

The night is still young, and so you hurry over to the Teatro Arbeu, and witness the last act of "El Gato Montes," a popular opera. The house is in an uproar, intensely amused over one of the political jokes which has just been told by a member of the cast. Almost every performance given in the Mexican Capital has its full quota of political quips, and they always bring down the house. Many of the plays burlesque persons prominent in the Government, or certain political issues. Politics play a big part in the life of the average citizen of Mexico, and, naturally, it injects itself into his entertainment and enacts a rôle there, too.

At the Gran Teatro De La Paz, in San Luis Potosi, a small city along the desert, which one reaches before arriving at Mexico City, a big gala performance was rehearsing for the Fiesta Decovadonga, and as our train stalled there, we dropped in and watched a rehearsal. No one seemed to be directing it, but the woman star was, apparently, bossing the job—putting herself and her fellow-members of the cast through the paces. Even in this gala festival, politics had its place. One act was called, "El Senor 1920," and in

Fairchild

CYRENE DAHL

Greenwich Village sculptress who has also acquired fame as a dancer. After a tour of South America with Pavlowa, Miss Dahl went to Europe and was selected by the French government to appear at the Gala performance at the Champs Elysées Theatre

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND PAUL HELLEU

An unusual portrait of Charlie, isn't it? *Sans* the queer little moustache, *sans* the pathetic Chaplin smile, the famous movie star has to be on his dignity here, in such close proximity to M. Helleu, the celebrated French artist, whose etchings of noted persons have brought him world-wide fame, and who has just returned to the United States after a long absence

Pach Bros.

Ruth Colby

FANNIE HURST

Successful short story writer, author of "Humoresque" and other movie classics, also inventor of an improved system of marriage which has the advantage of keeping husbands at a distance, this clever Ohio girl is today one of America's literary celebrities. She has also written a play "Back Pay" to be produced by John D. Williams

Apeda

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

Author of "The Silver King" and other famous plays, who returns to America to write stories for the movies. Incidentally, Mr. Jones is engaged in a verbal tussle over the merits of Bolshevism with H. G. Wells, Britain's distinguished Bolshevik apologist, and getting decidedly the best of the wordy encounter

CONSPICUOUS IN THE PASSING SHOW

it was featured the principal characters who participated in the European war. The leading male character was played by an American actor who could not speak a word of Spanish, but delineated his rôle in pantomime.

The average theatre in Mexico City cannot, of course, compare in beauty with those of New York City, but when Mexico's new National Theatre is completed next September, it will out-rival anything we have on this continent. The magnificent building is being erected at a cost of twenty million dollars, and though it has been in the process of construction for fifteen years, it is not yet quite finished, work on it having been interrupted and suspended during the many revolutions.

The Italian architect Adama Boari, who took a trip of observation through all the principal European theatres, commenced the National theatre in 1905, and directed it until 1912, when the work was suspended, to be continueid in 1919, under direction of the Mexican architect, A. Munoz G. The contract for the metallic structure of the great building was given to an American concern.

The theatre is located in the heart of the city, west of the lovely Alameda (park) and is surrounded by gardens and pergolas. From Juarez avenue there runs a wide esplanade of marble straight up to the wonderful building. On each side of the wide entrance is a fountain, sketched by Querol, the Spanish sculptor—one representing Love, the other Fame.

White and sepia Mexican marble and white Carrara marble, costing one million dollars, is used for the front of the building. A daring modernism is displayed, which reminds one of that embodied in the cupulas of the Cathedral of Saint Sofia of Constantinople, and the arcades of the palaces of the Exposition of Paris of 1900. The center is built up with extending porticos, galleries and rows of stately columns.

On the West side of the building there is a white marble pergola, surrounded by gardens and fountains, and the whole is covered with a tangled mass of gorgeous purple tropical flowers which resemble orchids.

The auditorium is exceptionally small for so large and pretentious an edifice, and seats only about 1,850 persons. There are six double pits, six parlor rooms, eight double proscenium boxes, thirteen first boxes, and thirteen galleries —an arrangement differing in striking fashion from that in vogue in American theatres. All during the day this auditorium is bathed in sunlight, and requires no artificial lighting. It has indirect illumination through the great arcs of white tecali, which somewhat resembles alabaster.

There are parquet floors, "lambrines" of mahogany; and Mexican onyx, paste resembling marble, mosaic and enamels are used in the decorations. The proscenium arch is adorned with mosaics of twenty-five symbolic figures, representing the Art of the Theatre through all the ages.. This unique piece of work was executed by the Hungarian artist, Maroti. The ceiling is of opalescent crystal, and the lovely design represents Heaven, and introduces Apollo and the nine Muses, also by Maroti.

THE fireproof drop curtain which weighs twenty tons, is really a concrete wall, covered with a mosaic of opalescent glass. The glass curtain shows the Valley of Mexico, with its two snow-capped mountains—Popocatepetl and the Ixtlazihuatl. It was designed and made by Tiffany of New York, and was on exhibition in New York City before being shipped to Mexico.

Contrary to the system in this country, which ignores entirely modern features behind the drop, the new National Theatre of Mexico has given much consideration to its stage. German machinery is used entirely. The stage is divided into three sections, one part, seventy feet wide, being movable. Seven trap-doors are available. The large platforms have a surface of 560 square feet, and can support a load of 26,400 pounds. The background of the stage measures thirty feet in depth, and is divided into four floors. The first gallery is for electric apparatus; the second, eighty-four feet above the first, is the main one for the scene shifters; the third for the raising and lowering of the curtain.

There is provided apparatus wherewith to imitate wind, thunder, lightning, rain, gale and smoke. Two metallic curtains will, in case of fire, protect the scenery, and, if necessary, a lever can be moved which will release one hundred cubic metres of water within five minutes. There are three curtains, the main one, a Wagnerian curtain, and an entra'act curtain. The machinery is operated by hand, electricity and hydraulic pressure.

The system of illumination is an elaborate one. The general illumination is accomplished by stable incandescent lamps. For the scenic effects there are seven searchlights fifteen metres long, with one hundred and fifty globes of white, red, blue and yellow lights; batteries in the proscenium; lamps to simulate daylight; searchlights in the arches, and sun and moon effects. There are also luminous signals for communication during a performance. In addition, the theatre has a small carpenter, blacksmith and mechanical shop of its own. The machinery used in the theatre weighs 1,980,000 pounds.

Situated between the mouth of the stage and the proscenium arch is a megaphone, a great organ made up of more than 3,000 flutes, which serves as a resounder. The accoustic properties of the theatre are said to be exceptionally fine. Signor A. Mauccutelli, of Milan, designed some of the heavy grates on the entrances and windows at the base of the building, which are also works of art.

The principal bas relief is the one on the central lunette at the front of the building, and is the work of the Italian sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi, known as the poet-sculptor of death, who inculcates in his work, mystery and pain. The bas relief represents "Harmony," a figure which, with one sweeping gesture, unifies and guides all the Nature voices, surrounding the fountain of Music. Around the figure, like an aureole, are seen the voices — Pain and Anguish, Patience, Ire, and on the other side the songs of Peace, Happiness and Love.

On the very top of the cupula is a figure made of copper plate, the symbol of the National Theatre itself. There are four figures, representing Comedy, Tragedy, Drama and Lyrical Drama, and these are supported by the Mexican National emblem—the eagle and the snake.

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAB": Amusing comedy of sub-deb. life delightfully acted by Helen Hayes.

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success —with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS": Amusing comedy of the war's aftermath.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover. An interesting play, splendidly acted and well worth seeing.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.

Hixon Connelly

ELIZABETH RISDON

A perfect charac[ter] ... s that of Ellie Dunn, a typical Shaw girl, presented by this "guest" player in the Theatre Guild ... of George Bernard Shaw's fantastic comedy, "Heartbreak House." An English-woman by birth, ... first bow to American theatres was in the title rôle of Shaw's earlier piece, "Fan[ny] ..." More recently she was seen in "Foot Loose," with Emily Stevens

Fairchild

ADA MAE WEEKS

From the chorus to stardom—that in brief is the record of this young actress, who in "Jim Jam Jems" proves she can act as well as dance

Edward Thayer Monroe

MITZI

She came, she saw and of course she conquered—this diminutive prima donna. As the heroine of the new musical play, "Lady Billy," the little comedienne is more adorable than ever

Coldberg

DOROTHY DICKSON

Shapely, graceful and sensuous, this charming society dancer, so delightful a feature of "A Royal Vagabond" and "Lassie," now gives added zest to the gastronomic joys of the Palais Royal

BRILLIANT STARS OF MUSICAL COMEDY

Moffett

DAVID WARFIELD

All rejoice to see Dave back in harness after the accident that cut short last winter's tour. He is now appearing in "The Return of Peter Grimm"—an appropriate title in the circumstances

(Center)

DUDLEY DIGGES

A fine and versatile actor whose recent successes in "Jane Clegg," "John Ferguson" and "The Treasure" placed him in the front rank of contemporary players

Photocraft

TIM MURPHY

As the bachelor physician who fixes hearts as well as broken bones in "The First Year," this sterling actor scores heavily every evening at the Little Theatre

Bruguière

(Right)

CYRIL KEIGHTLEY

As a malaria fighting physician, this popular Australian actor, now playing opposite Olive Wyndham in "The Green Goddess," continues to make the good impression he created in "Love Watches," "The Spy" and other plays

(Left)

GEORGE ARLISS

Character actor *par excellence*. Having dropped "Poldekin" of unhappy memory, Mr. Arliss is now the chief protagonist of William Archer's play "The Green Goddess."

Abbe

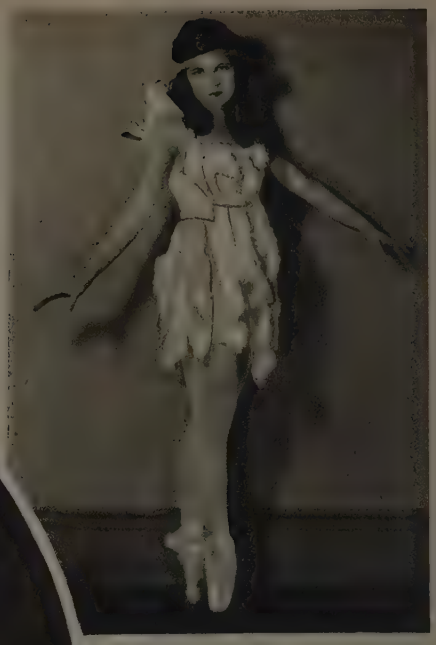
ACTORS DISTINCTLY NOT TAILOR-MADE

Goldberg

ADOLF BOLM IN HIS GREEK DANCE

After his brief engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House this famous Russian dancer goes on a tour that extends from coast to coast

Fairchild



Abbe

MIRIAM MILLER

The Winter Garden gave this clever little dancer her first opportunity, and then came more success at the Hippodrome where she ranks among the *premières*

Campbell

RITA OWIN

This new dancer made such a hit the opening night in "Jimmie" that, in theatrical parlance, she "stopped the show."

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

The darling of three "Hitchy Koos," her real name is Andrews, the present cognomen being a combination of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, who taught her how to dance. She creates and costumes her own dances, originating such charming conceits as the mannequin in this year's revue

Abbe

ALEXANDER VOLININE

Pavlowa's new dancing partner, recently seen with her at the Manhattan Opera House

Photocraft

PATRICIA COLLINGE

A wistful, pathetic quality has always marked the art of this sympathetic young actress who, in "Just Suppose," breaks her heart each evening over her hopeless love affair with a royal personage. Irish by birth, her first stage experience was with Frank Daniels in musical comedy. Later, in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," her dramatic skill was revealed and shortly after she again made a hit as Youth in "Everywoman." More recently, she was seen as Tillie

Edward Thayer Monroe

MAY COLLINS

One of the six sweethearts in the American production of Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal," this actress was seen more recently in quite a different setting—as the emotional ingenue in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer"

Photocraft

FRANCES CARSON

As the pathetic wife in "The Bad Man," this personable young actress enlists everyone's sympathies. She will also be remembered as William Collier's leading woman in "The Hottentot."

Apeda

Ira L. Hill

MURIEL MANNERS

A new stage beauty—a descendant of the famous Adah Isaacs Menken—who made her first bow to Broadway recently in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl"

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

This whimsical artiste, remembered in the lead of "The Squab Farm," was seen this season as the designing wife in "Because of Helen"

ACTRESSES WHO SCORED IN RECENT HITS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

ASTOR. "CORNERED." Comedy drama in 4 acts by Dodson Mitchell. Produced Dec. 8 with this cast:

Nick	Morgan Coman
Jerry	Edward Fielding
Sing Hi	Charles Tong
Lola Mulvaney	Nettie Bourne
Mary Brennan	Madge Kennedy
Flanagan	Joseph V. Tullar
Rose	Natalie Manning
Mrs. Wells	Amelia Gardner
Frank	Elmer Cornell
Margaret Waring	Madge Kennedy
George Wells	Leslie Austen
Leontine	Therese Quadri
Brewster	Robert Forsyth
Casey	Thomas Gunn
Updike	Tom Walsh
Dr. Emerson	Charles Esdale
Smithson	Timothy Kane
Maid	Edna May
Miss Watson	Edith Ford

WHETHER the movies hinders the growth of a player's stage art is a question I've never seen definitely settled. We do know that a vogue on the screen decidedly helps the actor and actress who decides to return to the regular footlights. Madge Kennedy, herself, is back again on Broadway, this time at the Astor in a comedy drama by Dodson Mitchell, called "Cornered."

The outward evidences are that star and play are emphatic hits. In spite of an over-worked field, the author decided there was "one kick" left in the crook drama, for "Cornered," if preposterous, is, nevertheless, a picturesque and gripping play of a child of the underworld whose amazing resemblance to a rich young woman of society brings about a robbery that contributes more than the usual quota of surprises and thrills. An artless explanation brings about a satisfactory solution. Morally, it is a very naughty play. Every one roots that the wrongdoers may go free.

Manager Henry W. Savage has provided for the production a rich and adequate setting, and a cast of really superior excellence. Miss Kennedy in her dual rôle has a part that the player loves and eats alive. It is highly theatrical; but, by her perfectly natural methods and delightfully engaging personality, she makes it truly human and sympathetic. Miss Kennedy has not only a sure comedy touch, but an emotional instinct that is very compelling.

The educated crook, with the manner of a man of the world, was enacted to the life by Edward Fielding, while the tortures of a cocaine and heroin fiend were pictured with dramatic fidelity by Morgan Coman.

Zelda Sears as the manager of a Chop Suey joint and Joseph V. Tullar as a personal conductor of slumming tours, gave the veritable metropolitan touch. Thomas Gunn, as the representative for Police Headquarters, evolved theories and propounded gestures with fine volubility, while the lover, not too surely drawn, had a politely distinguished representative in Leslie Austin.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "ROLLO'S WILD OAT." Comedy in 3 acts by Clare Kummer. Produced Nov. 23 with this cast:

Hewston	Ivan Simpson
Lydia	Marjorie Kummer
Rollo Webster	Roland Young
Mr. Stein	Dore Davidson
Goldie MacDuff	Lotus Robb
Mrs. Park Gales	Edythe Tressider
Campderdown	J. Palmer Collins
Skitterling	Manuel A. Alexander
George Lucas	Stanley Howlett
Aunt Lane	Grace Peters
Horatio Webster	J. M. Kerrigan
Bella	Elinor Cox

THE Wild Oat which Rollo sows doesn't seem to me likely to produce any very great crop of popular enthusiasm. Clare Kummer's new comedy in two acts, four scenes and an interlude, is one of her characteristic productions in which the sparkle of dialogue is supposed to more than compensate for either plot or characterization.

It is a perfectly amiable, ingenuous and obvious comedy in which Roland Young is appearing at the Punch and Judy. A rich young man desires to play Hamlet. The commercial manager, hired for the purpose, has little faith in the venture, still less so when the aspiring histrion, his own "angel," engages a perfectly incapable young woman to play Ophelia because he likes her. The first night is interrupted because Hamlet must go to the bedside of his sick grandfather. Opposition by the manager of Ophelia and Hamlet is overcome, because Ophelia's mother was once old Grandpa's youthful soul of romance.

Mr. Young is a young player of gracious natural methods, but his disposition is to act in one key. For one with an obsession to act the Prince of Denmark, I have seldom witnessed such a contained reserve.

A truly delightful performance of the exponent of Ophelia was given by Lotus Robb. She was an absolute idealization of the natural, sincere, good girl with a perfect realization of her own limitations.

Dore Davidson was characteristically amusing as the Semitic manager and Ivan Simpson drolly expert as the self-contained valet who had once longed for footlight favors.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. John E. Kellard in Shakespearean repertoire.

THE night that John E. Kellard opened his Shakespearean season at the Manhattan Opera House, hardly a vacant seat was to be found on the ground floor of that vast edifice, a convincing proof that the classic drama has ever a big following in reserve. With the closest possible attention, it watched a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which, if rough and crude in places, still succeeded in vividly bringing to the fore the exquisite poetry and deep compelling dramatic interest.

Mr. Kellard's company, I thought, possessed more than the usual share of intelligence and potential capacity. A competent and hard working stage director could easily shape it into something quite artistic. There was youth and gallant fervor in Ian Keith's Bassanio; verve and spirit in the Gratiano by Edward Forbes, while a lyric romanticism tinged Brandon Peter's Lorenzo. Miss Isabel Merson is an actress of tried experience and gracious accomplishment. Her Portia is excellent.

Mr. Kellard's Shylock is an impersonation that is worthy of respect. It has not the romantic emotionalism that Irving brought to the rôle nor is it kin to the sordid Ghetto-like rendering of Beerbohm Tree. Kellard is something in between. This money lender compels a dignified response, he is human in all but his revenge, which in extenuation seems but the outcome of his accumulated indignities, disappointments and losses. Mr. Kellard's declaration is finely intelligent and clean cut. During the engagement he appeared as Macbeth, Hamlet, which he once played for more than one hundred nights at the Garden, and Othello.

REPUBLIC. "Daddy Dumplins." Comedy drama in 3 acts by George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll. Produced Nov. 25 with this cast:

Henry Dumplins	Maclyn Arbuckle
Sydney Danks	Percy Moore
Richard Watson	Louis Kimball
Florence	Florence Flinn
Alexander	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Marie Louise	Helen Chandler
Percival Wilberforce	Gardner Lawlor
Harold	Leland Chandler
Betsy	Elizabeth Gulick
Rosemary	Georgine Haldorn
Ginger	By Himself
Dubbs	Isidore Marcil
Maurice	Franklin Hanna
MacPherson	Dan Dawson
Lizzie	Olive May
Stokes	Madeline Murphy
Delia	Mary Crane

CHRISTMAS carols, little orphan children, with sweetly piping voices, a kindly old man, who adopts them and loves them and cuddles them, a villainous relative who ejects them from their comfortable home, a young couple who love and part and are re-united—these are all features (true and tried in play-recipes) of "Daddy Dumplins," a clean and innocuous comedy-drama by George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll.

It is a Daddy Longlegs-Pollyanna sort of play, with the "Suffer little children to come unto me," idea paramount. It is likewise a handkerchief play. Sympathetic souls who just cannot resist the appealing sight of little children shivering in a cold kitchen, and wearing ragged stockings, and being hungry on Christmas Eve, are bound to weep copiously and unrestrainedly over the trials of Daddy and his kiddies.

The play is written about one of Mr. McCutcheon's Dickinsonian characters—an old bachelor who adopts waifs at the rate of two each year. He brings them up amidst luxury, but finally they are all thrown out upon the mercy of a cold world by a heartless cousin of Daddy's, who claims the fortune which Daddy inherited. The charming children are sent off to a Children's Association Home; the oldest girl goes to Europe with the villain, who is, in reality, her father; and Daddy and one of his faithful servants find shelter in a cold New York tenement house.

As Maclyn Arbuckle, in the title rôle, remarked in a curtain speech, it is a clean and wholesome play, with the home-fireside and little children element strongly featured. Earl Carroll, the author, was also called on for a curtain speech, by an audience which very plainly liked the novelty of a play which did not depend on even a slight sprinkling of paprika to put it over. There will always be those, of course, who cannot help being slightly bored by such 100 per cent goodness.

Maclyn Arbuckle, in build, facial expression, voice and mannerisms is well outfitted to portray the benevolent and benign bachelor who has an all abounding love for children. He was well supported by a cast principally made up of small boys and girls, chief among these being Andrew Lawlor, Jr., of "Penrod" fame, his small brother, Gardner, and Elizabeth Gulick, the tiny girlie bent on making a speech.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "The Broken Wing." Comedy drama in 4 acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced Dec. 6 with this cast:

General Panfilo Aguilar	Louis Wolheim
Basilio	Joseph Spurin
Sylvester Cross	George Abbott
Ouichita	Mary Worth
Inez Villera	Inez Plummer
Luther Farley	Henry Duggan
Captain Dos Santos	Alphonz Ethier
Jerry Waldron	Walter F. Scott
Philip Marvin	Charles Trowbridge
Marco	George Spelvin
Cecilia	Myrtle Tannahill
Babe Sundance	By Himself

THE Broken Wing" is a blood relation of "The Bad Man." Mexican bandits run rampant through the piece. Terrible things are done to the Spanish language. Mexico *vs* United States propaganda is interspersed through the play. U. S. Secret Service men and women bob up as frequently as stripes in a plaid jacket.

Though I have traveled the length and breadth of Mexico, I never once encountered the blood-thirsty type of bandit featured in this country in plays with a Mexico setting. Perhaps they've got them over there on the other side of the Rio Grande, but they conceal themselves pretty successfully during the visit of the casual tourist.

But, regardless of little discrepancies like this, there is one corking good scene in "The Broken Wing." An aeroplane crashes into the setting, tears away part of a wall, and the startled audience hears a great whirring of wings, the moans from the injured airmen, and views the wreckage of a plane, and the apparently broken bodies of the aviators, through a cloud of smoke.

Inez Plummer, who is the little "greaser" sweetheart, has a decided Lenore Ulric accent and hair-dress, and her full quota of good, or "cute" lines as the lady-theatregoer would say. Charles Trowbridge, though as handsome as any blonde hero could be, who is cast as her "gringo" admirer, is handicapped by having to travel through the entire four acts afflicted with amnesia. Even a sympathetic audience can scarcely stir up sympathy for a chap who doesn't even remember his name, and who rambles around in a deep, enveloping gray daze of forgetfulness.

Alphonz Ethier is Captain Innocencio dos Santos, whose name is about as Mexican as any name could be. He, together with Mary Worth, who appears as the Mexican peasant woman, have the most realistic Mexican make-up of any one in the cast.

George Abbott, as the breezy, uncouth pseudo oil man, has a corner on most of the laughs, though the "greaser" girl is awarded quite a few whenever she utters the magic letters "B. V. D."

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "The Young Visiters." Dramatization in 3 acts from Daisy Ashford's book by Mrs. George Norman and Margaret Mackenzie. Produced Nov. 29:

AS a good *hors d'oeuvre* will stimulate the appetite for even the best of dinners, so a reading before hand of Daisy Ashford's immortal masterpiece materially enhanced the pleasure derived from seeing the dramatized version of

"The Young Visiters," lately on view at the 39th St. Theatre.

No book of its kind or publication ever roused such general discussion as to its true origin than did this ingenuously childish recital of high society. We all remember that there were many who insisted it was one of Sir James M. Barrie's literary jokes, but the final accepted conclusion was that a real child of eight indited its wonderful pages.

When I saw it, I wondered what the sensations would be of the man, who, wandering in from the streets, totally unfamiliar with its "historic" premises, saw this careful adaptation, an adaptation and a production in perfect spirit with the original? What would he think it was all about? What was the meaning of the Toy Theatre proscenium? What interpretation was to be put on the scenery that seemed to have been designed and painted by a child? The New York public, in any case, failed to appreciate the play, which was withdrawn after a few performances.

It was acted, with a single exception, in the rapt, serious manner that the context exacts.

The players were in deadly earnest as they should be. The laughs came from the spirited contrast of intent with expression. It was all very droll and amusing fun.

An entirely too conscious and modern rendering of Miss Monticue was that which Marie Goff gave, but the social aspirations of Mr. Salteena, the ambitious son of a butcher, were sketched with delicious humor by Herbert Yost, while Frank Hollins as the superior Procurio and Harold Anstruther as the romantic Bernard Clark, perfectly realized the juvenile author's conceptions.

BRAMHALL. "Mixed Marriage." Play in 4 acts by St. John Ervine. Produced Dec. 14 with this cast:

John Rainey	Augustin Duncan
Mrs. Rainey	Margaret Wycherly
Hugh Rainey	Rolo Peters
Tom Rainey	Barry Macollum
Michael O'Hara	Harmon MacGregor
Nora Murray	Angela McCahill

FEW playwrights care to have their early plays produced years after they have met with success, for their maiden efforts usually lack the polish of those created after they have reached the years of playwriting discretion. Yet, "Mixed Marriage," by St. John Ervine, who wrote, "John Ferguson," and "Jane Clegg," and which was written in his obscure years, and produced ten or more years ago in New York, without creating a furore, is distinctly worth while.

An Irish play, it reflects only slightly the turbulent conditions in Ireland at present. Perhaps this was its excuse for invading a New York theatre again, though the events, in light of what is happening in Ireland today, are in no way timely. Its theme is religious bigotry. A Protestant father objects to his son marrying a Catholic girl. His rancor over the approaching alliance causes him to incite a riot between Protestant and Catholic workingmen, whose cause he at first sponsors.

Margaret Wycherly gives her customary human touch to the rôle of the Belfast mother, with her fine, mellowed philosophy, expounded in a quiet, gentle way. She plainly overshadows the others in the cast. Augustin Duncan could be credited with a splendid interpretation of a crusty, stubborn, unrelenting bigot, were it not for the dazed and fumbling way in which he groped his way through several important situations.

It is not easy to vitalize the character of what might be termed a half-wit—who, like most unfortunate souls of this type—displays sudden, clairvoyant flashes of keen wisdom. Barry Macollum has this sort of rôle, and does not under-estimate it. Rollo Peters conveys in singularly clever fashion the absorption of an enamored youth in a single idea—the fulfillment of his desire.

Harmon MacGregor, as the zealous, fanatical worker for what he deems a "sacred cause," has all the blarneying, ingratiating ways that a young Irishman should have, and is thoroughly loveable. Angela McCahill, who comes to a sudden end in the last act, through a bullet from the mob, was skimped as to lines in a rôle which should have given her a chance to be more loquacious, and undoubtedly her lassitude was due to resentment at this lack.

LIBERTY. "Lady Billy." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Zelda Sears. Music by Harold A. Levy. Produced Dec. 14, cast:

Tom	Harry Lang
Dick	Lawrence Lee
Harry	Harry R. Webster
George	Ted Weller
Joe	Mack Kennedy
Anastasia	Beatrice Constance
Bateson	Sydney Greenstreet
Mrs. Daventry	Jean Newcombe
Eloise	Josephine Adair
Senor Manuel	Arthur Uttry
Mlle. Viorica	Beatrice Collenette
Slavaka	Babe Stanton
Gaska	Eleanor Livingston
Mariasla	Anita Monroe
Vaska	Helen Paine
Countess Antonia	Mitzi

MITZI is such a consummate little artiste, that with the added aid of her *piquante* and delightful personality, she can by sheer art and beauty make more than acceptable a medium of mediocre character.

This is not to say Zelda Sears' book—the lyrics are also hers and they possess a nice lyrical and humorous turn—is commonplace. "Lady Billy" is far from commonplace. On the contrary, it is distinctly good, while a little judicious editing would make it very, very much above the average of libretti. It has a story in which the romantic and up-to-date are neatly blended. It has fun and progression and the title rôle fits the diminutive star with the nicety that attaches to a perfect glove—child's size.

The Lady Billy at home is a Roumanian Countess, impecunious to a degree, who becomes interested in an American engineer at work in the neighborhood of her ruined castle. Mistaken for the real thing, while masquerading as a boy, she comes to America in masculine garb with her fat and faithful major-domo, acted with rare humorous poise by Sidney Greenstreet—and there as a singer—a Greenwich Village environment serves as a set for one act—goes through a number of adventures on account of her hidden sex, but, of course, in the end wins the hand of the engineer.

The piece is acted and sung by the entire company with peppery zest and unremitting vigor, while the score by Harold Levey is so reminiscent of some of the good things that have gone before, that it steps into instant favor. But it is sweetly fluent and melodious in a high degree.

The stage settings are rich, appropriate and tasteful.

Shining in Mitzi's support are Beatrice Constance, very funny as a transplanted Roumanian cook, a veritable Fanny Brice rôle; Jean Newcombe as a plotting Mamma; Josephine Adair as her tuneful daughter and Arthur Uttry as the explosively jealous Spanish suitor of the cook. Boyd Marshall is the manly engineer and Charles Gay, his discreet valet.

THE JOYS OF VOD-VIL

Gloom chaser of the millions, what would we do without it?

By ESTELLE HAMBERGER

Illustrations by Marion Downer

AN institution is the shadow of a man," but the institution known as vaudeville takes the shadow out of a man. Every night it takes thousands of men—and women, out of the moonlight into the sunlight. It is the gloom chaser of the millions. There may be mournful movies, but solemn vaudeville? Never!

Art, literature, music, subtlety, whimsicality and wit have their respective places, but they are not vaudeville. After this suspicion becomes a conviction, you no longer need to try to fit the leg of the variety show into the blue stocking of your intellect, and you can sit it through with a light heart and an empty head.

A "team" representing the long and the short of it, appear behind the footlights.

"Why is a man with a beard *this* long," asks the lanky comedian, indicating a vital spot commonly known as the solar plexus, "running up a hill, like a man with a beard *this long*," touching a point midway between his esophagus and his diaphram, "giving a girl a little dog?" And he cavorts about the stage like a prancing pony.

His team mate, the short of it, plods around the stage after him like a discarded truck horse and echoes the query for those that are slow to hear:

"Why is a ———?" and so forth to the bitter end. "Now let me see, no, I don't know, tell me, why is a ———?" and once more the question is perpetrated with another distortion of inflection.

"Well," retorts the tall one, "a man with a beard *this* long (gesture), going up a hill is having a gallop up, and the man with the beard *this* long (gesture), is giving a gal a pup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roars the short one. It takes three "ha's' to fill in the gap until the audience figures it out. Then—chuckles from the orchestra, cackles from the balcony, guffaws from the gallery! Those who don't laugh out loud are busy making a mental note of the joke to add to their repertoire of repartee.

"The long and short of it"

"Two dainty dolls, not far from the forties, trip lightly out on to the stage"

You tune your mind to this new pitch of humor and attune your ears for more.

"I'm going to be married to-morrow, Jim," says Bill.

"Zasso, Bill?" asks Jim.

"Yeh, Jim," says Bill.

Then, after an impressive pause, says Bill, "Well, good-bye, Jim!" And from the depths of his trousers pocket Bill extracts a neatly folded kerchief, unfurls it to the breeze and lifts it to his tear-dimmed eyes.

Laughter from seventy-five per cent of the audience—meaning that three-fourths of the people there assembled are sealed in bonds of matrimony.

Are they going to get by without a wheeze about prohibition? Nay!

"And I says to her, Jim, says I, what wonderful eyes you have, Mabel," says Bill, the short of it. "And says she, Bill, it must be the eyeballs!"

This seems to be the cue to introduce a delicate little ditty done in hushed harmonies to soft music by spotlight.

"Some time ago-wa!
Some one I know-wa! . . . ."

Encore! The audience is touched. Each man unaccompanied by his wife has supplied the right "some one" for his own little self. Curtain—curtain call—bows—applause and another name is flashed in the electric signs at the wings.

The property men drag out a piano, a red plush curtain drops for change of scenery and two dainty dolls who have been fourteen ever since they were twenty-four, two years ago, trip lightly out on to the stage, one carrying a violin, the other unarmed. One guesses that she will play the piano.

A vast expanse of dimpled knees looks innocently out upon the audience from between their ruffled skirts and silken socks. Blue bows, looped and loop-the-looped, tie their childish curls. Talented child number one ripples her fingers over the ivories; talented child number two draws her slender bow across the strings. They play. The audience approves.

"Isn't this a sweet, refined act? I wish we had brought our little Lily," whispers a motherly matron who has reached the age of discretion that prefers the discreet in vaudeville, to her husband whose private opinion is that this is just a bit tame.

"Oh, they make me sick with their soft soap act!" exclaims Flah-rence to Harry at her side. And, of course, whatever Flah-rence says goes with Harry. "Me, too," is his acquiescence.

But the talent of the two fair fairies on the stage proves itself to be little less than genius when child number one shows that she can sing while she plays the piano, and child number two can dance while she plays the violin. It is very clever, producing simultaneous entertainment as varied as a four-ring circus for the eager audience.

The applause that follows this act is as sweet and dainty as the act itself.

Cheers greet the well-known monologist who is next on our versatile program. His jokes are so good that one has to listen hard to get their point. He wastes no time, starting his act in the form of a polite little tiff with one of the property men off stage. And then his noble form struts into view.

An appreciative vaudevillian

"Say," he confides to the audience. "That fellow out there wants to hire me. I told him I was willing to work every day except week days provided I get my Sundays off." His voice has a rasp that reminds a sensitive person of a wagon going down a steep hill with unoiled brakes. He squeaks on:

"Why should I work anyhow? I got a place of my own and I'm the boss. I'm a manufacturer of cigar ashes."

Ninety-nine percent of the men in the audience have a fellow-feeling for that actor and show their appreciation with a smuggled smile.

The bold comedian draws a photograph from his vest pocket.

"See that?" He takes a step over the footlights and grows confidential. "That's my girl. And see that dawg (*Continued on page* **144**)

Photocraft

Tense scene in "Cornered," the new comedy-drama at the Astor Theatre, in which Madge Kennedy returned to the speaking stage. Nick the Dope (Morgan Coman) confesses to Detective Updike (Tom Walsh) that he alone entered the home of Margaret Waring. Jerry the Gent (Edward Fielding), Nick's accomplice, stands behind Updike posing as a friend of the Waring family, while Mary Brennan (Madge Kennedy), who was "in" on the robbery, fools the detective by posing as Miss Waring herself

(Below)

Inez Plummer as the greaser sweetheart, and Myrtle Tannehill as Cecilia in "The Broken Wing," an exciting Mexican drama, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre

White

Little orphan children, a villainous relative who ejects them from their home, and a kindly old man (Maclyn Arbuckle) who adopts and loves them—these are the features in the clean and wholesome comedy drama "Daddy Dumplins," at the Republic

THRILLS AND SENTIMENT IN NEW BROADWAY HITS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

Out of 700 manuscripts sent in to managers only two offer possibilities

BY THE READER FOR A PROMINENT BROADWAY PRODUCER

ALMOST everyone attracted to literature at all, has tried sometime or other to write a play. Ask these would-be dramatists why their work has never reached the footlights and they'll put the blame on the theatre manager, declaring that he failed to see any merit in their brain-children. On an average, two plays are sent in to the theatre manager daily, or about 700 manuscripts a year. Out of these 700 plays, only two offer possibilities.

The principal fault to be found with the majority of plays which come to the producer is that there is no appeal in the subject matter. This fault is due to lack of craftsmanship. In other words, the embryo playwright doesn't know his business.

Appeal in a play is just as elusive as that quality in an actor or actress, which for want of a better term, we call personality. The usual run of plays have no appeal—no personality.

There are, of course, dozens of other reasons why producers decline to consider a certain play, as, for instance, the absence of an interesting plot; poor character drawing; the too oft-told triangle *sans* a new angle; abundance of narrative and paucity of drama; too little humor and lack of comedy situations in comedy or farce; weakness of what should be the nemesis, or propelling factor in farce; and hackneyed situations of melodrama. But the principal factor lacking in plays submitted is appeal.

ANOTHER fault found with plays written by the inexperienced playwright is imitation. If a play of a certain type makes a hit, not only the manager who produced the play, but all other managers are deluged with scripts dealing with the same subject. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. Yet these "repeater" playwrights persist in playing the same tune. Is it a wonder their work goes back to them almost immediately?

But, you ask: "What is appeal? Where do I find it? How shall I present it in my play? To which the reply must be: Study plays of the present day for their appeal, for this appeal is just as elusive as the *ignis fatuus*—the will o' th' wisp.

In melodrama, it may be the appeal of the girl whose sweetheart is under suspicion of having committed a crime. It may be the appeal of the love of the mother for her daughter who is charged with a crime, as in "The Thirteenth Chair." It may be the appeal of the woman who is harassed with the thought that, while she has lived a life above reproach from the time she met her husband, yet there was an incident in her previous career over which she had no control, and if she tells her husband, he will cease to love her, as in "The House of Glass." Or, again, it may be the staunch and never flagging love of the girl for her sweetheart in "Forever After." It may be the appeal of the underdog in "The Man Who Came Back"; the naïve charm of the girl in "39 East"; the captivating winsomeness and the oriental atmosphere in "East Is West"; the appeal of the little French Canadian girl left alone in a forest cabin with two men fighting for her, in "The Storm"; the old-time, but new angled appeal of the taming of the Shrew in "Scandal", and, coming down to the plays now on Broadway, the appeal of the lovable humanness of Isidore Solomon in "Welcome Stranger"; the novelty of the mystery in "The Bat," and so on. We might go a step further and point to the "Gold Diggers" and ask what is its appeal. Just what the appeal in this play is, the writer does not attempt to define. It is one of those plays which defy the most analytical and searching diagnosis. However, this type of play is the exception rather than the rule, and the writer is not dealing in exceptions—the 100 to 1 shot!

IF any person could properly define and catalogue appeal and be able to hit it, in, say, three cases out of a possible five, that person would be in a position to command almost any salary. For, if the producer has a script in which there is the elusive appeal, he has the equally elusive quality called success. But *a play must have appeal to make it a success.*

To you who are writing plays, remember to put the acid test to your manuscript and ask yourself if it has appeal before sending the play to a producer. And when you ask the question, answer it honestly, according to the best of your ability and understanding of appeal. Visit the playhouses and study the element of appeal that makes the plays successful.

IT isn't the perfectly constructed play that augurs for success. More often the perfectly constructed play lacks all elements of appeal. By success, I mean success judged from the standpoint of the barometric box office, for, in fashioning a perfect mosaic of playwriting craftsmanship, the heart and soul—the appeal—is usually conspicuous by its absence. And the play, if it should be produced, is soon forgotten.

There are theatregoers who are forever calling for artistic success, or the true-to-life play, meaning, for the most part, the unhappy ending. Art for art's sake is all very well, but the producer who goes on and on producing perfect pieces of true-to-life plays, soon finds his exchequer in a blissful state of innocuous desuetude. And if he elects to stay in the business, he soon begins to keep one eye on the box office, and produce plays that make money—artistic or otherwise. Producers prefer to produce the artistic play, but to produce artistic plays the manager must also produce commercial successes, so that one type's loss will be counterbalanced by the other type's gain.

Speaking of appeal, suppose we take "The Music Master." This play never has been considered a perfect piece of play construction. Critics have pointed out glaring flaws and faults with the Klein play. But "The Music Master" goes on piling up money for Mr. Belasco, the producer, and Mr. Warfield, the star. Why? Because it has appeal. It has heart and soul. And that heart and soul reaches the hearts and souls of the public. It appeals to the emotions.

Woe betide the play which appeals only to the intellect. The reason for this is that the theatregoing public, as an audience, does not "think" with the intellect. It "thinks" with the emotions. As a consequence, it is primitive. The intellect is individual. The emotions are first principles—feeling. The intellect is advanced principles—thinking with the mind. The person who is able to isolate himself from the audience, while in the theatre, and retain his individuality of mind, the one who can throw off mob psychology and use his intellect, is the exception and not the rule. Once the playwright allows his audience to think for itself—with the mind!—his play is lost. It cannot hope to get over.

THE playwrights who read this and have a feeling that their plays do not get the proper sort of attention—that they are not read—are absolutely and unequivocably in error. In the office where the writer of this article reads manuscripts, there is not a play that is sent back to its author marked "unavailable," until it is proven beyond peradventure of doubt that there is nothing in the script that will make an appeal to an audience. Scripts are read assiduously.

It is trying work, for these embryo playwrights who submit manuscripts containing their brain children, usually have no conception of what constitutes a play. But the reader, in order that nothing may escape him, must plow through page after page, and script after script, until he reaches a point where he knows the prospect of finding the grain of an appealing idea has gone aglimmering. It isn't necessary that he read from the first page to the last in order to determine this. If the writer has nothing to say in the first or second act—if there is no appealing premise—or plot—it stands to reason that he will have nothing to say, or to make an appeal, in the acts that follow. Of course, there are exceptions, but in the main this rule holds true to form.

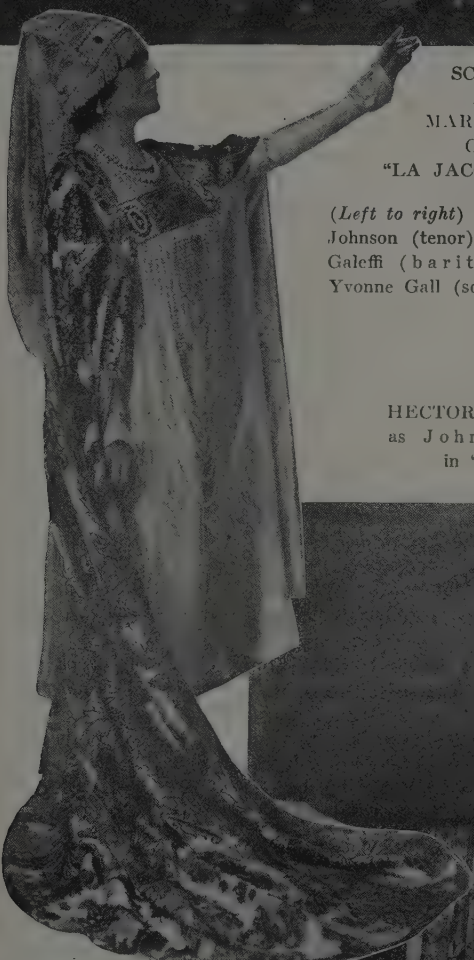
Another rule to follow is that the playwright must be able to think straight. His scenes and situations must be the result of indefatigable study (*Continued on page* 136)

SCENE IN ACT I MARINUZZI'S OPERA "LA JACQUERIE"

(*Left to right*) Edward Johnson (tenor); Carlo Galeffi (baritone); Yvonne Gall (soprano)

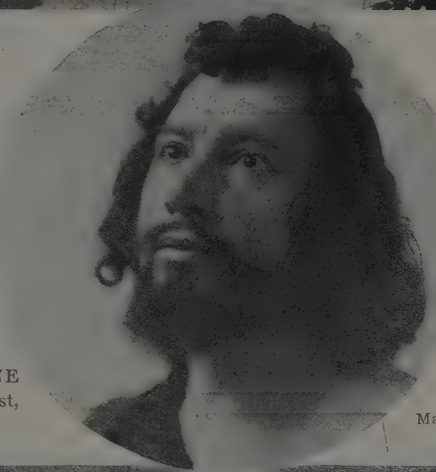
© Matzene

GALLI-CURCI, as *Lakmé*



© Moffett

MARY GARDEN as *Thais*



HECTOR DUFRANNE as John the Baptist, in "Salome"

Matzene

SCENE IN "LA JACQUERIE" ACT II.

(*Centre*) Virgilio Lazzari (*basso*); (*Right*) Yvonne Gall, Edward Johnson, Carlo Galeffi

CHICAGO OPERA SINGERS COME TO THE MANHATTAN

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Below)

LOTUS ROBB

As Goldie MacDuff in Claire Kummer's latest comedy "Rollo's Wild Oat," this actress has been hailed as "the perfect Kummerite." She made her first appearance as a child in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Elitch's Stock Company, Denver. She played with Nat Goodwin in "Why Marry?", assuming the ingenue rôle in the New York company and the leading feminine rôle on tour. Miss Robb recently played the leading part in Eugene Walter's "The Challenge" and in the Selwyn's production of "Sonny"

White

HANNAH TOBACK

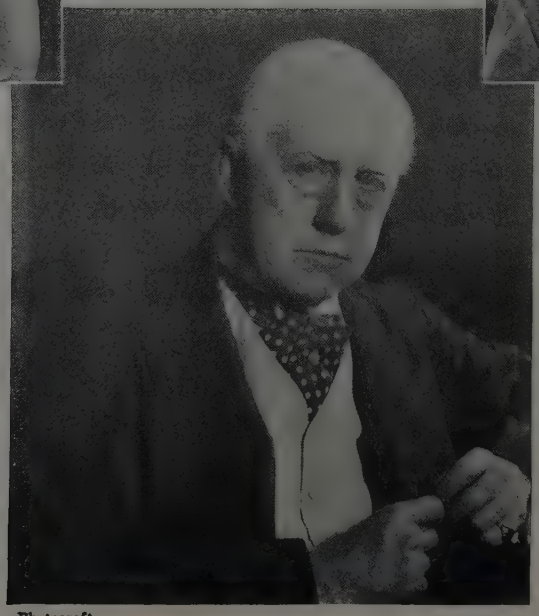
As the singing girl, Zummurud, in "Mecca," this young actress made her first appearance in an English-speaking rôle. Born on the Bowery, the daughter of an East side merchant, she made her stage début at the age of eight in support of David Kessler, and later played with Adler, Schildkraut and other Yiddish stars in leading ingenue rôles. She scored a hit in the rôle of Love in the Yiddish production of "Experience"

(Below)

LUPINO LANE

The English acrobatic comedian who shares with Delysia the honors of "Afgar." In England he is as well known and beloved as our own Fred Stone, whose acrobatic comedy stunts he approximates. Next season he is to be starred in a musical production by Morris Gest and comedy films for William Fox. He is a member of the Lupino family, one of the most celebrated in the English theatre

White



Photocraft

FREDERICK KERR

As the British Ambassador in "Just Suppose," this veteran actor contributes a noteworthy characterization. He made his stage début in 1882 in Wallack's production of "The School for Scandal." In the forty years of his stage career he has supported nearly all the English stars. He appeared at the Lyceum ten years ago with Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot," and subsequently toured with Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex"

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

MARTHA MANSFIELD

Not even a vampire feather fan can make Martha look like anything but an ingenue. This young actress made her first screen success as the guiding star of John Barrymore's better self in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

OTIS SKINNER IN "KISMET"

This always picturesque actor has succeeded in transferring his lovable roguery from the stage production to the screen. He is here seen as Hadjj, the most ingratiating beggar who ever begged alms for the love of Allah. This picture marks Mr. Skinner's first appearance in the films

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH

THERE can be no doubt that the tastes of film audiences is changing. It was not so long ago when the plots of photoplays could be neatly catalogued into three precise groups. There was the sweet simple and girlish plot in which love's young dream is discovered in the first reel, meets disturbing but not serious obstacles in the second, third and fourth, and ends in a blissful close-up amid daisy fields and cooing doves. There was the eternally reliable triangle plot with one wife, one husband and one faithless male friend or ditto wife, ditto husband and one unmanagable vampire. Finally, there was the plot of adventure which no one really bothered about since, like a musical comedy, it soon became lost in a chaos of jungle terrors, or Wild West dust.

THESE were subject to unlimited variation, but the general idea remained the same. That is to say it remained the same in that there was no general idea whatever. But, of late, the public has seemed to demand a story with some underlying *motif* which might involve at least the minimum of thought. It is significant that most of the long run pictures in recent months have had a definite idea behind them. For this month, one of the most whimsical and captivating ideas in fiction was recaptured by the screen and reproduced in the film version of Leonard Merrick's delectable story, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

This preservation is all the more remarkable because the film version resembles the architecture of the novel not at all. William C. DeMille probably had his reasons when he selected Thomas Meighan for the rôle of "Conrad." Probably he found it expedient to make some sacrifice of the literal story to the interest always attached to the films of this extremely popular star. Certainly, Mr. DeMille himself would not deny that no one could bear less resemblance to Merrick's whimsical, diffident, middle-aged hero than this self-assured handsome young Irishman. But while this Conrad's search for his youth seems rather premature (since that same youth has obviously not left him,) there remains nevertheless the same wistfulness which made the novel the most delightful sentimental journey in fiction.

ANOTHER story in violent contrast to this gentle tale but with an idea far beyond the obvious, is found in the screen version of "The Penalty" by Governeur Morris. It was written in San Francisco with the hills of that magical city as it was before the earthquake, for a background. We doubt, however, if even the misty shape of a San Francisco fog could produce this plot as shown on the screen. It belongs rather to the opium dreams of the old Chinatown which used to skirt the borders of Barbary Coast before that unhallowed spot became only a hectic memory.

It is the story of a human monster called "Blizzard" who was driven into his fiendish state of mind when an operation amputated both his legs through the blunder of a careless doctor. His only reaction, not wholly evil, is his love for music but when he plays the piano he must depend on a girl to work the pedals which his feet have never touched. From this unusual beginning the director has worked out a tale of revenge and redemption which is at times weirdly fascinating and at other times dangerously near the absurd.

Lou Chancey who plays the very difficult rôle of "Blizzard" will be remembered as the twisted "Frog" of "The Miracle Man." So realistically did he arrange his make-up as the half-man of the story, that most of the audience thought he was really crippled and the director found it necessary to show him in a final scene in all the glory of two perfectly good legs. This, of course, is more acrobatic than emotional acting. There were many scenes however when you forgot to be amazed at his technical achievement and were genuinely lost in the pathos of his life's tragedy.

Wallace Worsley, the director, has given the film its full allowance of melodrama. This much is his concession to the box-office. But also in many of the scenes he has caught the *motif* given it by its author—a grim study of sinister impulses oveshadowed by vague and shadowing symbolism.

A NEW screen star made his début this week when Otis Skinner repeated his stage triumph of "Kismet" for the benefit of the movie going public. It was advertised as "A Second Arabian Nights" but, needless to say, it was the naïve enchantment of the children's story-books and bore no relation to Sir Richard Burton. With the film's enlarged facilities for scenic expression, the film version is even more elaborate than was the stage production. It lacked only color and music to make it identical with the Knoblock on the stage. The absence of these two elements, however, was a serious handicap in a theme which is so largely dependent on its clashes of color and sound. Nevertheless, the director Louis Gasnier has evolved a number of really brilliant scenes which bring Mr. Skinner to the screen in Oriental glory.

He plays, of course, the original rôle of Hadjj, truly the most lovable, ruthless and ingratiating beggar that ever begged alms for the love of Allah. Unlike so many actors who have suddenly turned from the stage to the screen, Mr. Skinner seems not at all bewildered by his new medium. He sweeps the rôle on through its *motif* of revenge with all the cynical bravado that made it such a brilliant stage character. The début is all the more welcome because it promises a series of other productions which will feature a new and original star—the screen actor Otis Skinner.

ANOTHER romantic rôle, full of color and excitement, is played by Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zurro." It is a play of Southern California. We know this by the captions and the land-marks although just where in the golden State or just what period the story is laid remains very vague. At least we are sure it is a period of romance far removed from the sedate days of the present time of Chautauqua lectures and bone-dry dinners. This period abounds in flashing steel and fiery steeds and dark eyes behind lace mantillas and the energetic hero makes the most of them.

He is the son of a wealthy Mexican planter and is regarded as a weakling by his entire family and especially by the girl he loves. But little do these people know that at night he is transformed into the fearless, dashing bandit "Zurro" who has terrorized all the surrounding neighborhood. Like the "Bad Man" of Holbrook Blinn, he is a benevolent bandit and is forever taking up the cause of the weak against the strong. He carries on his pursuit of justice in the acrobatic fashion which is characteristic of all his work. With this purpose in view, he leaps, climbs and scrambles over all the Mexican scenery from adobe huts and pepper trees to ox-cart and the body of the foiled villain.

For, of course, there is a villain with the fiercest and most desperate moustachios ever seen even in Mexico. Also there is a beautiful, helpless senorita to be rescued in the leaps and bounds of the plot. All this against a brilliant opera bouffé setting which furnishes Fairbanks with one of the most picturesque and thrilling plays of his very exciting career.

GOOD comedy is only too rare and a screen play written in a spirit of pure nonsense is an event in the moving picture month. Such a film is "The Life of the Party" which brings Roscoe Arbuckle out of slap-stick and into more or less rational comedy. It celebrates the adventure of a modest young man who is held up and robbed of his coat while returning from a masquerade party chastely clad as Buster Brown. Needless to say, Roscoe makes the most of this embarrassing accident and of the remainder of the plot which has been generously pierced out by the scenario writer.

WEDDING SCENE IN "THE FURNACE"

Here comes the bride, one of the most lavish and bejeweled romances seen on the screen for many months. Agnes Ayres is the misunderstood wife who insists on getting into difficulties of an elopement with the aid of an expensive roadster. Jerome Patrick is the husband and Milton Sills the third of the triangle

SCENE IN "CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH"

Thomas Meighan and a circle of his old school-friends singing the songs of earlier days. This screen idyl of the search for the fountain of youth is an adaptation of the whimsical novel by Leonard Merrick

BARBARA BEDFORD

A new face amongst the younger screen actresses who will be seen in the haunting lights and shadows of the Maurice Tourneur productions

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

The pretty granddaughter of the famous impresario is appearing in screen rôles that vary from the most dove-like ingenue to the wisest serpent of a vampire. But always she manages to give the rôle the touch of originality which characterizes her name

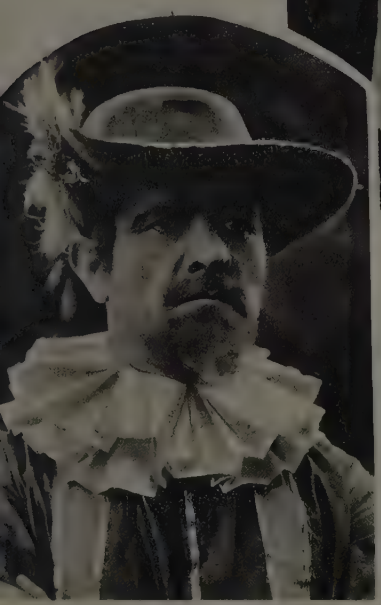
THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

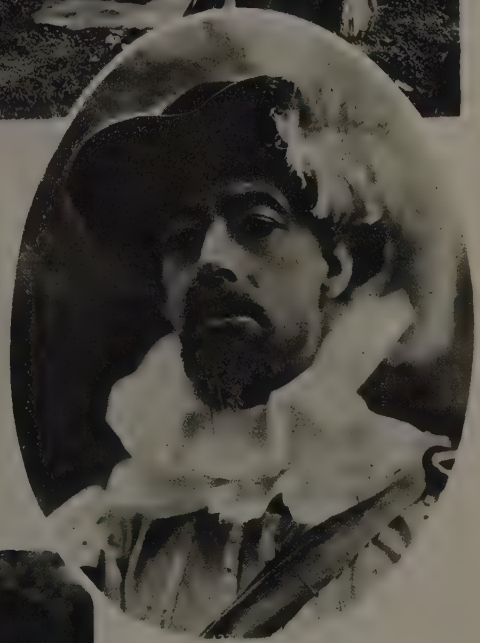
Objection has been made in many quarters to the term "amateur," as indicating crudity, but, applied to this Department, it deals with the dilletanté of the stage—art lovers, as distinguished from commercial producers

r Walter Raleigh, lured by enezuela, Queen of the Carbbean, and Orinoco, the water rite, resolves to venture once ore to the New World. r Walter Raleigh, (Dr. W. Horton), Orinoco, (Elizabeth ughes), and Venezuela, (Elizabeth Walker)

(Below)
Sir Walter Raleigh in the closing scene, (Dr. W. C. Horton)



The Tercentenary Pageant-Drama, "Raleigh The Shepherd of the Ocean," by Frederick H. Koch, produced in Raleigh, North Carolina, to commemorate the deeds of the founder of the first English settlement in America, Roanoke Island, 1585. The costumes were all home-made.



(Above)
Sir Walter Raleigh, in the opening scenes (Lieut. Walter Simpson)

(Left)
Queen Elizabeth, (Muriel Victor Castlebury), with Elizabeth Throgmorton, her Lady-in-Waiting, who became Lady Raleigh, (Gladys Williamson) and the Earl of Essex, (Hardy M. Ray)

RALEIGH: THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN

The Tercentenary Pageant Recently Produced at Raleigh, N. C.

By ELIZABETH A. LAY

THE Raleigh Tercentenary Pageant-Drama, *Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean*, recently produced in Raleigh, North Carolina, was originally designed by Frederick H. Koch, Professor of Dramatic Literature in the University of North Carolina, for the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, October 29, 1918, and not produced at that time because of the influenza epidemic which prevented the celebration as planned by the State Literary and Historical Association. It is perhaps even better that the performance should have been postponed, for it brings freshly now to this Pilgrim Tercentenary year a portrayal of the pioneer spirit which led to the founding, by Raleigh, of the first English colony in America, Roanoke Island, North Carolina, 1585. A conception of the ideals of the Cavalier colonizers of the South is necessary for a complete picture of the great movement to the New World and to an understanding of the Anglo-American ideals to which our Pilgrim Tercentenary year is dedicated.

The life of Raleigh, the great colonizer, affords rich dramatic materials. From these Professor Koch has woven no mere succession of historical incidents, but instead he has created a *drama* of pageant proportions in which the ringing challenge of pioneer vision of Sir Walter Raleigh is embodied with the convincing beauty of literary style. The conception of the play is that of a great tragedy brought out from the intimate stage and painted with sweeping strokes against the background of spectacle. Through the whole, one never loses the sense of a great dramatic struggle in which Raleigh is the central figure, from the moment of his acclamation as "Shepherd of the Ocean" in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, to his final destruction under the Stuart tyrant, James I. Always he is led by the vision of Western Lands and the brave New World in America. The spoken lines of the play are instinct with a beauty and imagination inherent in the spirit of those times. Raleigh's closing words are typical of the author's poetical rendering of the vision for which the heroic colonizer died:

"Virginia! my 'lost colony' of Virginia!
My 'Citie of Raleigh in Virginia,' lost, indeed.
But not all vain—for Jamestown thrives,
And Virginia 'will yet see itself an English nation!'

And still—America, Virginia, New England!
What magic words in this my passing hour!
They conjure back the daring vision-days,
And my sure trust in lands beyond the seas.

America! Virginia! New England!
What though my star stoop now to its eclipse,
Still it doth harbinger the New Day's dawn.
And by that way I have so blithely gone,

PROF. F. C. KOCH

Author of the Pageant Drama, "Raleigh, Shepherd of the Ocean."

Sea-buffeted, with all my gallant men,
A brave new world will yet be won by English
Youth across the seas—a sunbright world
Of high resolve—of faith, and love, and Liberty!"

The five acts build up surely and impressively to the final climax of the drama and there is such happy union of spectacle that the audience carried away a vivid impression of the heroic figure of Raleigh in the brave days of new adventure.

THE production of the pageant in Raleigh, North Carolina, October 19th, 20th and 21st, under the direction of Miss Elizabeth B. Grimball, was a noteworthy community achievement. For the dramatic elements of the piece demanded a high quality of acting from the citizen players. To this challenge they responded with fine appreciation of the literary value of the lines. The spoken words carried perfectly to the vast audiences assembled on the three nights of the performances in the out-door stage arranged on the city Athletic Park. On these warm nights of the early Southern Autumn, the people from Raleigh and visitors from all parts of the State thronged to witness the Tercentenary Pageant-Drama of the pioneer, Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom the city is named. The stars overhead became a part of the background and in brilliant light the Elizabethan fête-day crowds appeared to do honor to the gallant heroes who fought with Spain for the dominion of the seas. Then the stage seemed contracted to the more intimate scenes in the Tower, Raleigh's imprisonment and martyrdom. Through it all the Spirit of Youth and her attendant Chorus interpreted the meaning of the episodes by spoken Prologue, Epilogue, and Interludes and through interpretative dancing.

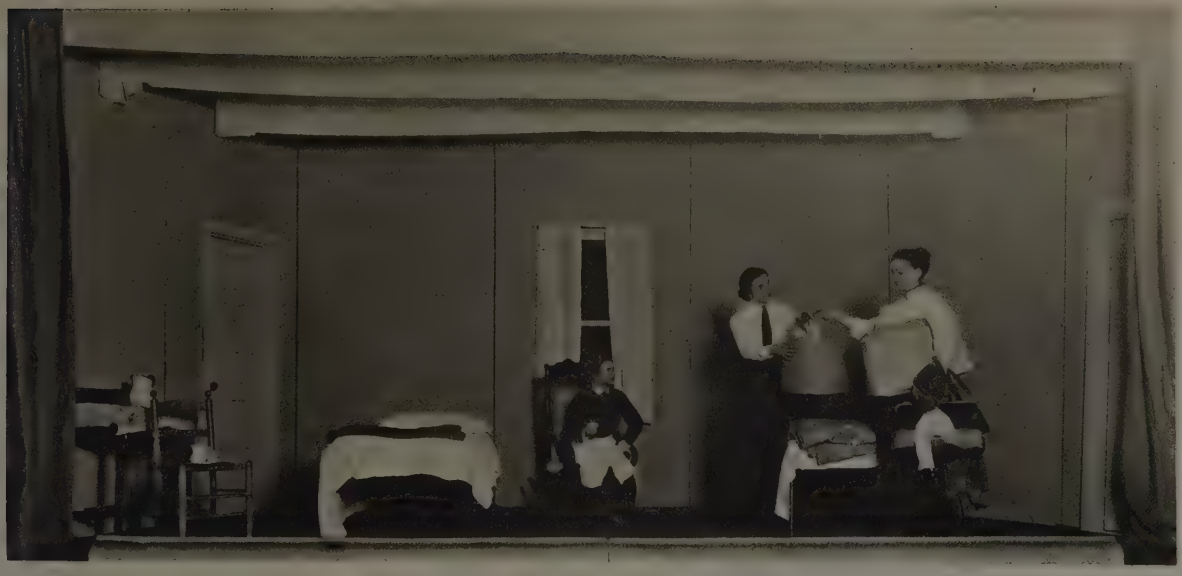
THE Pageant begins with the gathering of a happy crowd to welcome Queen Elizabeth for a review of her troops on Harrow Field, on the eve of the Invincible Armada, 1588. Singing and dancing typifies the gallant spirit of Elizabeth's loyal people and among them comes the Queen on her way to a council of State, followed by her throng of courtiers. Raleigh, chief among them, inspires his friends with the true meaning of the coming victory over the Spanish Armada. His imagination fired by Raleigh's vision of the English nation in America, the poet Spencer hails him "Shepherd of the Ocean." Then with the re-entrance of the Queen and the news that the Great Armada has been sighted, England's defenders march to their posts of duty. In their ears rings the challenge of Raleigh's high faith:

"We will speedily sweep clean the seas of all these tyrant foes and clear a path to the New World o'er which, years hence, ships shall freely pass bearing their precious freight of English men and maids and all their household gear, to rear their homes and build their hearthfires in that wide land, Virginia. There shall arise in coming years goodly states, fair cities; and a new and gallant folk—our kin and brothers—shall in the years to come clasp hands with us in Britain here, in worthy emprise and in desperate venture 'gainst grim-faced tyranny."

THE Second Episode shows another fête-day crowd, after the victory of Cadiz, eight years later. Raleigh is owned the hero of the fight by his rival Captains, and again depicts to them the future of England, now mistress of the seas, and free to found a New World in Virginia, "a brave New World," as Shakespeare sees it.

In these two episodes which comprised the First Part of the pageant, Raleigh was played by Lieutenant Walter Simpson with a fire and youthful grace which won his audience. The ringing lines of Raleigh's vision of the future were delivered with remarkable sureness and the figures of the principal players stood forth dramatically against the colorful massing of the festival crowd.

In the Interlude between the First Part and the Second Part, the Spirit of Youth with the grief-stricken Chorus foretells the defeat of Raleigh and introduces the theme of the fatal lure of the lands of South America, the Spirit of the Orinoco. Raleigh, now in the Tower, imprisoned under the false charge of treason against James I, sees a dream pageant of his past in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. Then to him appear Venezuela, the golden Queen of the Carribbean, and the witching Spirit of the Orinoco. Lured by this vision, Raleigh resolves to wring from the King, permission to sail forth on another voyage to the Western lands. (*Continued on page* 142)

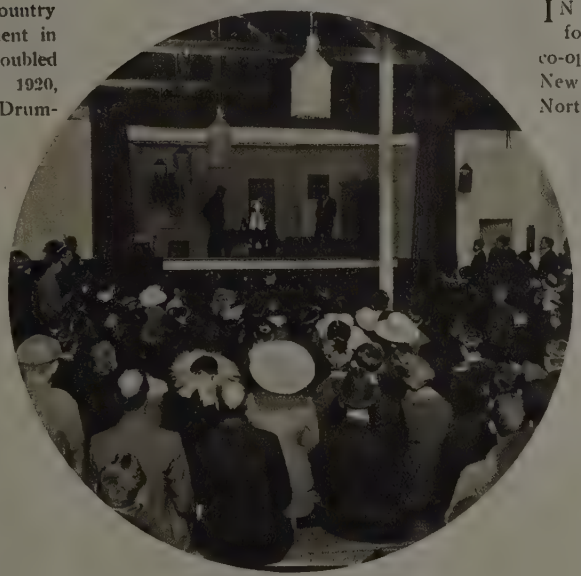


The simple staging of Alice Brown's very effective "Joint Owners in Spain," at the Little County Theatre, illustrating the use of one neutral gray stage set for various interiors. With the addition of appropriate furniture and accessories, the change from one playlet to another can be made in a ten-minute intermission.

COUNTRY THEATRE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK STATE

THE New York State Little Country Theatre, so successful an experiment in its first year, 1919, was repeated to doubled business and interest in September, 1920, under the direction of Professor A. M. Drummond, Head of the Department of Public Speaking in Cornell University, and with the co-operation of the Cornell Dramatic Club. The Cornell Club in its two experimental Fair Theatres has become widely known for the excellence and *practical* nature of its work, and under the auspices of the State Fair Commission and of the Department of Extension and Rural Recreation of the State College of Agriculture at Cornell, a very considerable movement for the encouraging and betterment of amateur dramatics in the countryside districts of New York State is operating under the general supervision of the Director of the "Country Theatre."

DURING the week of the Fair, twelve thousand attended the Country Theatre, and about as many were turned away—S. R. O. was a permanent placard on some days. A total of thirty performances of plays from the Club's repertoire were given; eight thousand pieces of literature distributed from the exhibit booth; a constant stream of interested rural leaders were advised; some thirty brief lectures on the idea of the movement were given by the Director; Community sings and educational movies prefaced the performances:—in all double the work, double the display, double the attendance of the previous year.



A glimpse of the intent audience at a performance of the Little Country Theatre

The plays presented were Zona Gale's "Neighbors"; Alice Brown's "Lonesomelike"; Harold Brighouse's "Hobson's Choice"; R. H. Davis's "The Zone Police"—all successful, with "Neighbors" perhaps, the headliner.

An extensive exhibit of posters, play lists, magazines, programs, photos, helpful books, catalogs, exhibits of one or two typical country community theatre groups, and an ingeniously illuminated and artistic model stage, were part of the exhibit in charge of Margaret C. Knapp.

IN addition to the Director's own material for exhibition, the Theatre had the cordial co-operation of the Drama League of America, New York City Drama League, 47 Workshop, North Carolina Playmakers, Community Service, Playground Association, Samuel French, Norman Lee Swartout, The Theatre Arts Magazine, The Drama, The Groton Players, etc., and excellent and helpful display material from the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The demand for the service of this exhibit proved a considerable enlargement of this feature will be justified, and the director is convinced it deserves the sympathetic and carefully planned support of all amateur theatrical organizations. Another year should see this exhibit repeated on a much more extensive scale.

Two plans are under consideration, one to provide adequate and attractive quarters for the Theatre and other Rural Recreation activities of a modern Community House, and second, to extend the possibility of playing in the theatre during Fair Week to high-grade countryside dramatic organizations throughout the State, possibly on some basis of prize competitions.

The State Fair experiment has attracted wide attention outside New York State and inquiries as to its organization and success come from all over the country. A 46,000 edition of a pamphlet descriptive of the plan and including a short list of selected plays has been distributed by the Extension Department to the country districts of the Stat Requests for aid in organizing amateur dramatics average (*Continued on page* 146)

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

By ETHEL ARMES

THE Children's Theatre is an outgrowth of the story-telling unit in many instances. In every social settlement and community center children, have for years, been invariably giving little plays, pageants and dramatizations of stories.

It remained, however, for the Dramatic Department of Greenwich House, a social settlement in New York just below Washington Square, to build up little theatre groups capable of doing independent and discriminating work. Under the direction of Miss Helen Murphy, and her assistant, Miss Mary Carpenter, a pupil of Isadora Duncan, groups in this department study the better plays of the day. There are four distinct phases of the work—two in production (one for adults and the other for children), a third in story-telling and a fourth in interpretative dancing. On stated evenings, the classes meet in the settlement theatre, especially designed for them.

At the weekly story hour, a narrative is told and then dramatized. It is roughly played and as a result of this brief tryout, children are chosen to complete the dramatization in the special and advanced classes. The story hours are open to juveniles of all ages living in Greenwich Village and from this group most of the more advanced children have been taken.

The dramatic and interpretative dancing classes work out in detail the story to be presented, always in pantomime. Miss Murphy holds that the art of acting is more essential than the art of elocution, and to the children no lines have yet been given in their plays. The dramatic instinct rather than the technical and physical side of the work has been developed in the dancing classes, and great freedom is allowed the children in their creation of character parts.

Pantomimes, pageants, miracle plays and fairy stories are constantly in rehearsal at this Children's Theatre. The Joan of Arc pageant presented last summer in Washington Square was directed by these dramatic leaders from Greenwich House. Most of the little players are Italian girls ranging from four to twelve and fourteen years. They compose extemporaneously the most dramatic of little plays; act them, with rhythmic step, to music, then relate their story.

Sometimes they reverse the process. Their creations are often strangely beautiful, weird and fantastic. It is an extraordinary achievement for the six and seven year olds of the group to put on a play entirely on their own initiative. In their own words here is one little play: "There was a girl who, although she was a King's daughter, longed for the wild woods. She hastened forth and found her delight in trees and birds. She danced in the wild wood from morning until night. Two brothers saw her. 'She must be our sister,' they said, 'Come with us and keep our house. We will make you happy.' She went with them. They were kind and tender. Still she grew sad. 'It is too great a burden for me to bear,' she said to them, 'I must return to the woods forevermore.' Therefore she left them. They fainted with grief."

This is but one of dozens and dozens of these strangely interesting and dramatic plays of the Greenwich House Children's Theatre. Set to music, acted with exquisite sensitiveness and poise, the result is fairy like, ineffably charming.

* * *

A PAGEANT given exclusively by children took place not long since in Portland, Oregon.

Thirty-six little Americans, most of them children of parents who were born on European soil, took part in a patriotic pageant, witnessed by nearly 500 people in front of the Neighborhood House, Second and Wood Streets.

It was a historical pageant, entitled "America" and depicted the times of the early colonist days. Miss Eva Jurgensohn, recreational director of the local community service, trained the children, assisted by Miss Ida Lewenberg of the Neighborhood House.

The children showed keen interest in making their own costumes and developing the characters. It was the first pageant given by the Portland Community Service, although the association expects to make these pageants and block parties part of the winter's activities.

* * *

THE Kansas City Grand Opera Company has produced most of the standard operas in the last ten years and has developed a number of good young voices. This community opera was founded by the former English Grand Opera stars, Ottley and Louie Collier Cranston, of the Cranston School of Music, who are its present directors. The repertoire this season includes "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Romeo and Juliet," "Il Trovatore" and "Faust."

This company was one of the first, if not the first, in the country, to present community grand opera on a rigid professional basis, with full scenic and costume investiture and complete orchestra. Upon occasions, outside artists have been engaged to sing leading rôles. J. H. Sheehan, Henro Barron, Charles Le Sueur, Louise Le Baron and Ralph Errol are among the vocalists engaged at various times. During "Old Glory" week in Kansas City two years ago last October, the Kansas City company presented a sumptuous production of "Aida." The all star cast of principals engaged, included Morgan Kingston, Marie Rappold, Louise Homer, Clarence Whitehill and Henri Scott of the Metropolitan. Mr. Cranston completed this noble cast singing the rôle of the high priest.

The maintenance of the company is a result of an altruistic desire to keep the spirit of love and interest in grand opera alive in Kansas City. The premier production ten years ago was "Faust." The next season "Cavelleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" were added and the following season "Carmen," "Martha," and the "Daughter of the Regiment" were produced.

This season "Faust" will be repeated and Nita Abraham-Taylor, a local soprano of considerable reputation, will sing the rôle of Marguerite.

The cast includes sixty members, some of whom are students at the Cranston School, while others have not studied save through the training of the company. The training is free and open to all musical students. Such professional singers as Torleig Young and Paul Lawless, tenors, and others have assisted in the production and the wealth of student talent that has been professionalized though the associations afforded by the company has been very large.

Mr. and Mrs. Cranston are English and for many years played leading rôles with the Royal Carl Rosa and Savage Opera Companies in England, finally coming to America with the latter organization. Mrs. Cranston was the original "Butterfly" in the English version of the Puccini opera in England. The year before they were engaged by J. A. Cowan of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music to found an opera company in the Western city, they sang with the Aborn grand opera company. Through the Conservatory Vocal department the Cranstons assembled the company. And it was later incorporated with W. K. Herndon, as general manager, and H. G. Shaw as business manager.

* * *

THE Flint Community Pageant, an historic and civic presentation, given by the people of Flint during the past summer, marked the opening of Kearsley Park, the new playground and outdoor recreation center of the Michigan City. In its production, the author and director, Nina B. Lamkin, was assisted by E. G. Vordenberg and George Oscar Bowen, director of music and choruses. It was a mammoth co-operative production, in which 2,500 men, women and children took part. Practically every organization, church, school and club in the city was represented. A gathering of over 50,000 people witnessed it.

The first episode presented the gathering of Indian Tribes for a harvest ceremonial. Through their Prophet, the Indians received and welcomed Father Marquette and the French Jesuits, who were recruited from the Knights of Columbus. In the second episode the Pilgrims were introduced, followed by the French traders who made a treaty with the Indians. This marks the record of the French possessions in that region. As the French flag was raised, the Salvation Army band played the "Marseillaise." The gavotte was danced by the girls of the

(*Continued on page* 142)

Ira L. Hill Studio

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

Ina Claire, who introduced in that successful comedy "The Gold Diggers" the most successful frock of the season—the bouffant lace evening gown distended with a farthingale over a short narrow underskirt—sponsors a new fashion for the tea hour. Brocade chiffon velvet, black on gold, makes a deep Russian blouse, extending to below the hips and held in with an elastic. A ribbon of jet beads laces the fronts to the bust line and the diminutive sleeves are cut on kimona lines. With it she wears an enormous black velvet hat circled with wide jet ribbons which hang over the brim

Frances Carson and Pearl White in chic riding togs

Ira L. Hill Studio

Frances Carson who plays the part of Lucia Pell in "The Bad Man," brings also into that sympathetic rôle the graceful case of an accomplished horsewoman. The heavy pongee coat and hat is more or less rakish, but bespeaks an indescribable elegance. A soft brown four-in-hand matches the breeches and boots.

(Oval)

Pearl White, who has just gone to Bermuda to finish a thrilling new "movie," takes with her, two interesting riding outfits. Black whipcord is used for the smartly cut military breeches and Commodore coat, with a mannish little waistcoat of heavy white silk, square-toed boots and a straw sailor banded in white.

Snapped after a canter in the park, Miss Carson wears a faultless riding outfit of reindeer brown trousers, single breasted coat with shallow reveres which fasten low over the cream colored silk shirt with high collar and cuffs.

Models from Nardi

For less formal occasions, Miss White dons the dark military breeches and a long tailored coat of black and white checked whipcord. A soft black Fedora hat and high gauntlet glove is debonair and dashing.

Mary Nash wears her new French frocks

Just a simple little evening gown of white paillettes with an arresting apron tunic that softly breaks the severity of line. Bands of brilliants hold the shallow bodice and a puff of turquoise blue velvet is glimpsed at the waistline.

Photos from
Ira L. Hill Studio

A truly French creation of brown Chantilly lace over dark blue ciré. The smart swathing of the hips is done with blue ciré, drawn tightly into a saucy frou-frou with loose ends edged with sable.

All the charm of an old-fashioned daguerreotype is apparent in Miss Nash's manner of wearing this black Lyons' velvet frock in tunic effect, depending for cachet on the new-mannered sash.

A Crêpe de Chine model that every woman will want! It arrives at the uncorseted effect in delightful fashion with a straight lined, loose blouse bodice embroidered in burnt orange wool that spreads itself likewise down the long loose Sleeve. Swinging panels on each side of orange and black are accordeon pleated and provide the fashionable irregularity of the hem line.

Through the

THE SKIN GAME—

It's about real English people and the English atmosphere prevails in every detail. The frock that first caught our eye was one of those all-knitted affairs made for daytime or sports wear, and which is the last word from the atelier of the fashion makers. Joan Maclean as the young daughter in an aristocratic family wears a knitted frock of azure blue like a sweater suit, banded at the neck and three-quarter sleeves with white angora. A gay little bow and tassels of black and white yarn finish the neck. We decided that all the excitement about knitted frocks was quite justified, and its possibilities for both summer and winter filled us with gleeful expectations. Miss Josephine Victor in the part of the harassed wife was charmingly feminine in a rose frock of crepe de Chine; it bore all the essentials of youthful elegance with that very becoming low waist line slightly bloused and sashed with a bustle bow at the left hip. The skirt flaunted its recently achieved importance in five tiers of petal-like scallops. In the principal scene, Miss Victor adds to the breathlessness of the situation in a striking negligée of deep coral chiffon with a square neck, draped in a most unusual manner. The back suggested a cape which also formed the sleeves, caught up in a shower of gathers in the way of a soft polonaise.

HONORS ARE EVEN—

Lola Fisher sparkles through this smart society play in clever dialogue and distinguished frocks. She takes advantage of every opportunity to display her individual manner of wearing gowns and jewelry, and to introduce at the same time, some daring color combinations. Even in Boston, where we journeyed to see the play, the women were extravagantly praising Miss Fisher's clothes. Fringe was used most effectively in evening gowns, attached to the gown in most unexpected places. The new method of concealing the underarm part of the bodice is most interesting—sometimes it is fringe or again it is chiffon or lace that veils softly any harsh outline. The sketch shows two gowns which will doubtless be copied by the discriminating society woman. One is a flesh meteor foundation hung with orchid chiffon and crystal fringe over-slip which falls in points to below the hem. A girdle of pale lemon satin and a jeweled corsage of topaz is a symphony of color, framed with a black chiffon velvet wrap. Again she wears a draped foundation skirt of peach and yellow satin with three tiers of chiffon floating away into points. They blend together in a mist of pale coral, peach and yellow, and peach colored silk fringe drips from the underarm in shredded effect. Peach colored beads of wood swing from the shoulder to hip—and oh! her fans—immense ones of brilliant ostrich, or lace fans as fine as a cobweb. An adorable daytime frock had a long waisted bodice of white chiffon velvet attached to the skirt of black velvet with a narrow little belt of jet beads. The tiny sleeve was kimona-cut and the bodice was slashed to the waist line in front, filled in with a tiny waiscoat of cream lace.

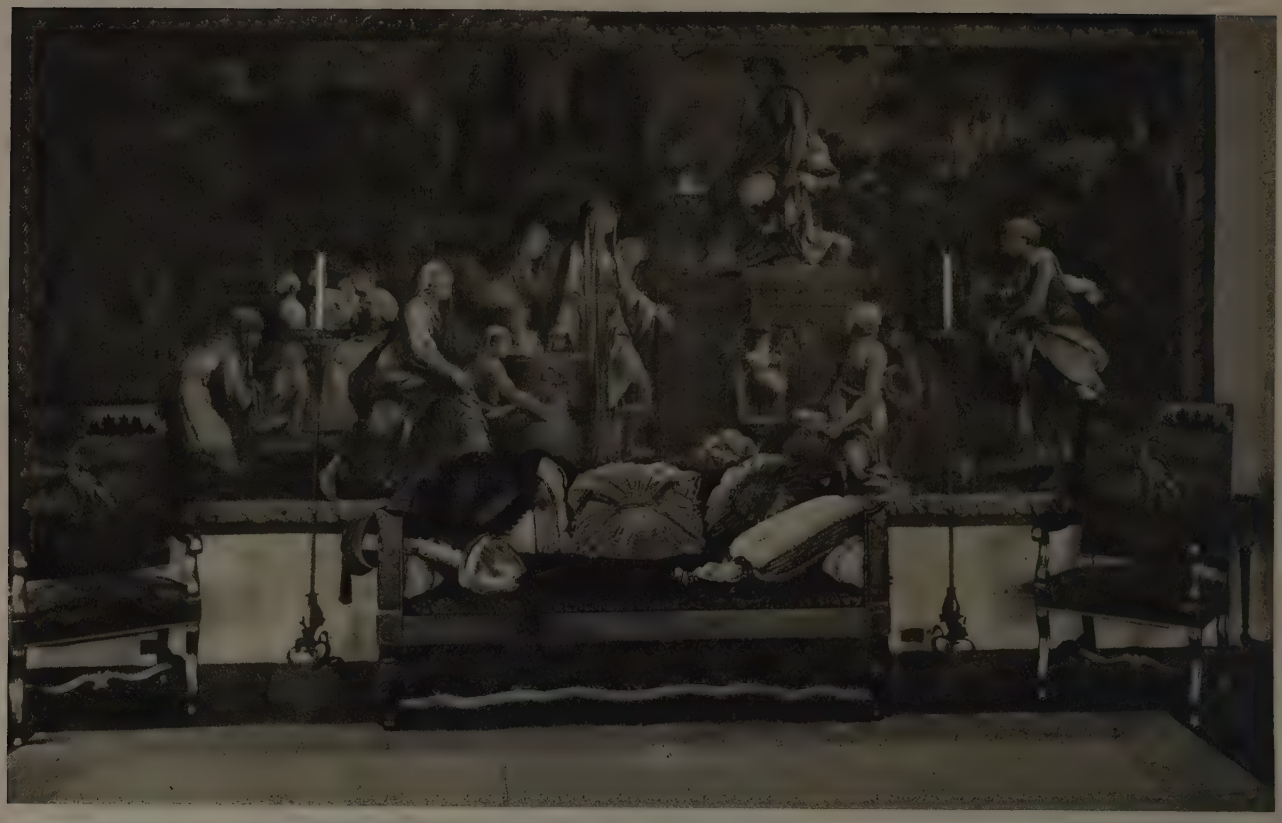
Opera Glass

AFGAR—

The gorgeousness of the Poiret costumes in "Afgar" held us in a hypnotic spell for some time before we could begin to analyze the style and probable influence of the bizarre styles on the future fashion rulings. With "Afgar," of course, came Alice Delysia, the nearest approach to Gaby we expect to see. Her costumes or, mayhap, her lack of costumes, were as daring in the back as in the front. For all of that, we sensed the fact that harem trousers, modified, yes, would become the smart under-foundation for many a tuniced skirt and specifically for the entrancing and ever-alluring house gown. Nearly all the bodices ended at the hip line and were made with square necks. The sumptuousness of the fabrics leaves us at a loss for adjectives, but if one can imagine a supple gold and silver tissue or stiff brocade glistening in satin sheens of vivid changing hues, finished extravagantly with sable and ostrich plumes, you have a faint intimation of the art of Poiret. The Moyenage waist with long skirt flaring at the hem promises to be the new silhouette—do not worry about its charm, for it is spelled with a large C! When the waistlines were not low, everything seemed to be done to make them look large, rolled about as they were with tulle and chiffon in bolster effect.

HONEYDEW—

Dripping with every conceivable sort of alluring frock and frippery—longer skirts, irregular lacey hems, slipper heels studded with rhinestones, and in the whirl of dancing, the gleam of bright red heels was most effective. How quaint and satisfying were the full skirts and snug bodices, with the old-fashioned off-the-shoulder puff, which has been revived as a most delectable evening fashion. We have no doubt this silhouette will predominate at Palm Beach and the summer resorts, accompanied by the tulle hat. The kind we mean is worn by Ethelind Terry in the sketch, with rows and rows of fluffy tulle flaring away from the face. The little frock worn with the hat is something new in the way of drapery; it is of white chiffon draped saucily to each hip over an underskirt of light blue accordion-pleated chiffon. Dorothy Follis wore a number of bewitching frocks suitable for the approaching season's wear, we sketch only one, however, which may suggest something for your own wardrobe. Cream colored chiffon with insets of white broadcloth is attached to the long-waisted, plain bodice, and dips down into graceful points at the hem. The sash is run to slits at the side and ties directly in the back. A swagger feature of the costume was a white broadcloth cape attached to the shoulders and swung loosely to below the hip line. It is a graceful fashion and will undoubtedly be much used this summer. Several of these Cavalier capes could be made in different colors with snaps to quickly adjust the little wrap which is also a part of the costume. We almost forgot to mention the sensational negligée made of heavy cream lace shaped like a round shawl back and front, with the only cutting done at the shoulder where it fastened with rhinestone buckles.



The bright particular star of Margaret Anglin's art treasures—and she has many—is this priceless Raphael tapestry which hangs in her New York apartment. The 17th century Italian walnut day bed, with its early 16th century mulberry velvet covering, is flanked by two armchairs upholstered in 17th century Flemish verdure tapestry

A charming corner in the home of Margaret Anglin, showing an interesting mahogany consul, with carved Chinese polychrome candlesticks, and a quaint old time flower picture

(Right)
Theresa Maxwell-Conover of "Honeydew," bird of passage for the season, at a New York hotel, has kept with her two treasured possessions, an old mahogany "lowboy" and rare set of brass candlesticks, once belonging to her grandmother, representing the historical figure of Major Andre

IN THE HOME OF THE PLAYER

THE story of Margaret Anglin's priceless Raphael tapestry (shown on the opposite page), is one of the aftermaths of the great war. It is a story of good fortune and chance, coupled with the persistence of two indefatigable collectors, Mr. and Mrs. George L. McElroy, who were commissioned by Miss Anglin to find a certain doorway in Italy, which she had seen on one of her early trips abroad, and had lingered in her memory as an impressive piece for a classical play.

In their travels through Florence, in search of the door, the McElroys came upon the decaying villa of an Italian nobleman, bereft by the war of his two sons, and his fortune. A Raphael tapestry, he told them, was his only remaining possession. It had been in his family for generations, and the impoverished nobleman was quick to take advantage of the generous offer made by the McElroy's for the purchase of the splendid textile which now hangs in a spacious room in Margaret Anglin's apartment, where it covers an entire wall.

They found it glued to the wall of a musty, damp garret room, with its border stretched and stained where the rain had leaked through the roof, but the centuries had mellowed its rich browns and greens to exquisitely delicate shades and it was in an excellent state of preservation.

Dr. Phyllis Ackerman has said that the rendition is quite up to the standard of the best of Raphael's work, the design representing the great annual Festival of Diana. So few tapestries have come down to us that Miss Anglin is especially fortunate to possess as old a piece as this, in such good condition.

Collecting Chinese curios is a hobby with Mlle. Phoebe of the Greenwich Village Follies—among the most beautiful of her treasures are these lovely bits of Chinese embroidery, which were purchased by Ivan Bankoff who dances with Mlle. Phoebe, when he was in Tsientsin

Margaret Anglin's reception room boasts an exquisite three piece crystal mantel set given to her grandmother by Napoleon III, to say nothing of a really beautiful French mirror

In the studio of Olga Ziceva, of the Greenwich Village Follies, is to be found a very rare and beautiful old wall covering, around which there is an interesting history. The wall covering, presented to her father, who was appointed Chief Justice of Moscow, by the Czar, was made over two hundred years ago by the monks of St. Sergeus monastery. It is of black broadcloth-like material and inlaid in mosaic design are tiny pieces of broadcloth of different colors, set together with silk embroidery

Angelina exercises a native talent and fits out a small circle of her masculine acquaintance with neckties of her own choosing. She bases her receipt for success on contrasting the man's general coloring, or matching his eyes, especially the latter.

ANGELINA BLAZES A TRAIL

BY HERSELF

I HAVE had a great honor bestowed on me. Something that seems to me in the nature of the *croix de guerre* or the D. S. O. I won't keep you in suspense. The honor is no more nor less than having been pronounced by a fastidiously well-dressed youth, "the Only Woman in New York Who Knows How to Pick Out a Man's Necktie Properly."

"Fancy that now, Hedda!" After all these years and years of jokes and sneers about the neckties women choose for their husbands and sweethearts, a joke along with the immemorial mother-in-law one, as old as the Dodo. To have a man come right out loud with such a pronunciamento . . . . We have progressed, indeed!

It all happened by chance. We were "looking 'em over" at the Ritz the other afternoon at tea-time, this Fastidious and Precious one and I, especially criticizing the men's appearance. From that we went to a discussion of men's clothes in general. And the "F. and P." thought he discerned in my judgments and remarks such a high level of almost masculine intelligence as to warrant his exclaiming, "By Jove, Angelina, I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to let you pick me out a necktie."

He rushed me down the street at once, into a smart haberdashery, and up to the necktie counter. I remained calm under the great distinction done me. I really do know about neckties. It is a native gift, probably additionally trained through the acquaintance of several smart actors. Donald Macdonald, for instance, always wears real neckties. So does Tom Powers . . . generally. Of course, it is superfluous to say anything about the impeccability of John Barrymore's.

To return . . . "As a matter of fact, there are only two neckties here that I would wear," said my escort. Lets see if you can pick them out."

"Yes," I said, "I can." And made my moves as cooly as the Polish chess prodigy. "One is *this*, and the other is *that*."

"This" was a dark brown foulard with white polka dots. I know you can always play safe with polka dots. They combine conservatism with a dash of "pep." Certain well-dressed men always keep an assorted number on hand from year to year. And "that" was in diagonal stripes of about half-inch width, one dark blue, the next tan, the third rose, and repeat. (It doesn't read well, but it really was stunning. And almost everything smart in four-in-hands this season is diagonally striped, the colors very gay).

"Angelina, you wonder," cried the gentleman, and then uttered the words written above, "You are the Only Woman Who, etc. etc." . . .

I know it's a quite unfair distinction. I know there are heaps of women who could do just as well, or better than I, if they were given the chance. It is only that traduced so long by the funny papers they have grown afraid to speak out. But where the trail has now been blazed, others may go. There is no reason why a woman with an eye for color and line should not be as good a judge as a man of what suits him. The great trick, of course, to remember in your buying, is to contrast the man's general coloring, or match up his eyes. Especially the latter. That is always sure to be right.

Since that first occasion my reputation has been so spread abroad by the Fastidious One that his friends have come crowding around, beseeching me to choose neckties for them too. I have had a most bee-oo-tiful orgy of necktie buying. And I have not only made each man step up to the counter and accept meekly and pay for whatever I selected. I have insisted that he shall WEAR IT. AND LIKE IT!

The Vibrant Charm of Soft, Clear Skin

The Face of Anita Stewart
Reproduced with her special permission because she, herself, is an enthusiastic, constant user of Hinds Cream.

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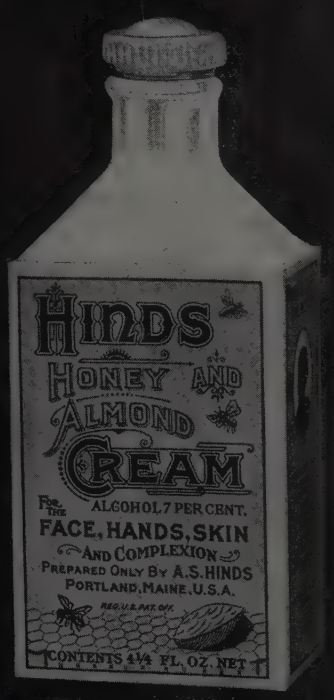

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The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 125)

Marion Coakley, the lovely blonde leading woman with George M. Cohan in "The Meanest Man in the World"

MISS COAKLEY prefers trig little suits for walking and shopping above all other costumes. She states that men prefer it too, if you dress from that point of view. Instead of the strict tailored effects, however, she wears very girlish suits that are a bit fancy, just to emphasize her youthful type. It is a test, but if one can wear "The House of Youth" suits, they are fortunate. Miss Coakley has posed in two advance models, which show only faintly the beauty of braiding and paneling. The one illustrated above of dark blue tricotine, carries the swinging cape from the shoulder, attached with tiny buttons in military fashions. A high collar made in one with the jacket, bears out the military effect, but may be worn open. The back of the cape is beautifully embroidered in black silk.

A "House of Youth" suit with novel arrangement of braided tassels which swing from the side pockets. Black cire braid decorates the lower part of the jacket in shaped strips about the hips. Most of the cuffs from this house are cut in irregular outline, bearing out the youthful idea

Photos from Ira Hill Studio

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MINERVA WORSTED YARN — BUY IT IN THE BALL

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KILLING THE GOOSE

(*Continued from page* 86)

ences and year after year have welcomed the appearance of a Warfield or a Maude Adams with the utmost enthusiasm, because these players through years of experience have won for themselves the hallmark of reliability. Small town prestige must be cultivated with even more care than metropolitan prestige, for the visit of every play becomes a local topic of conversation, long to be discussed and remembered.

Of late it has become the custom to lease attractions that have established New York prestige to syndicates, for purposes of exploitation on the road. Sometimes these attractions have been resurrected from the storehouse, like "The Garden of Allah," and supported by a cast of actors and livestock (the road has always taken a childish delight in seeing animals on the stage), have travelled the country over raking in tremendous profits. On the other hand, many musical comedy producers have allowed their productions to be sent out with a cast inferior to that presenting a good burlesque show, equipped with none of their original songs and none of their scenery—a company merely trading on the prestige of their name—and, as might have been expected, the companies have been wrecked on the rocks of the road. You cannot fool "the road" any easier than you can fool New York. Give them a good play peopled with characters within their comprehension and they will flock to it as readily as they go to see Mary Pickford or her redoubtable husband.

Give them a play filled with the subtleties of life like "A Successful Calamity" or "Justice" or "Beyond the Horizon," and they will turn down their thumbs. Only a very small percentage of theatregoers care to take their brains with them when they see a play, and it is only of late years that New York has developed a sufficient number of serious lovers of the drama to warrant the hazard of producing an unusually fine play. Not that every community hasn't a number of real drama lovers. They have; but they form a pitiful minority, many of whom come annually to New York to see the finer work of the theatre.

There is one answer that has been given our commercial managers in unmistakable terms. Since the decline of the road, local stock companies have entered an era of prosperity unsurpassed in the history of the theatre. American communities denied the best New York successes as New York saw them, have taken local stock organizations to their hearts and look to them for representations of the better plays. Some of these companies are enjoying the distinction of trying out new plays and many of our most promising young players are being recruited from provincial stock companies where they have the advantage of the most thorough training that the theatre of today can supply.

Forthcoming issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *will contain illustrated articles describing the personnel and the work done by the most important of the local stock companies throughout the United States.* EDITOR.

REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

(*Concluded from page* 88)

of exquisite loveliness, simple, no doubt, but full of grace and sweetness.

Gilbert, himself, might have devised these words, allotted to Macheath's two jealous "wives":

"Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.
Bestow one Glance to cheer me.
Think with that Look, thy Polly dies.
O, shun me not—but hear me.
'Tis Polly sues,
'Tis Lucy speaks—
Is this true Love requited?
My heart is bursting
Mine, too, breaks.
Must I—
Must I be slighted?"

And what could be more Gilbertian than this patter song?

"When a wife's in a Pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good Husband as meek as
Lamb,
Her Vapours to still
First grants her her will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dra
Poor Man!
And the quieting Draught is
Dram."

Hogarth immortalized the piece in his own strong way. To suit [illegible] taste, words here and there have been modified, the score has been revised, and the orchestration has been tactfully modernized. But, by and large, it is the real original opera of two centuries ago that they are singing at the Greenwich Village Theatre. No one should miss it who loves wit and music. It lives as surely as it ever lived.

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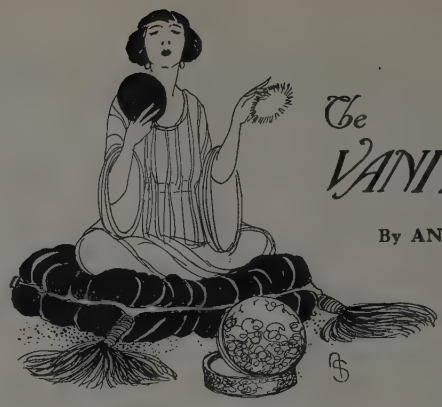

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

EVER since your first surreptitious efforts at an early age to go for home beauty culture, when you seized on whatever mater there was at hand in the house, you have known the effect lemons on the skin, have you not? There is probably no one, by this ti who is not aware of their cleansing and bleaching properties. And chemi thoroughly conversant with the splendid beautifying qualities of the lem have been at work for years trying to incorporate them in a crea Several lemon creams, in fact, have been put on the market. But no that we have heard of was really any good, only a small portion of t acid getting into the cream and even that very shortly becoming rancid

* * * *

BUT the trick has been turned at last! And by a Frenchman. Alrea well-established in Paris as a creator of beauty preparations, he came this country at the beginning of the war, and started at once to wo out a theory he had in his head for a cream that should combine lemo and certain fats. He met with what he considered was the greatest s cess, and for a test induced one of the chorus at the Hippodrome fi to try it out as a remover of make-up. She endorsed the cream m enthusiastically, passed it on to someone else, who passed it on to so one else, and it soon spread like wildfire. (Naturally, we heard of it fr the Hippodrome source, and afterwards interviewed Monsieur). Follow that, Monsieur perfected a skinfood of the same type, and then w ready to put both on the market.

They have only been there a short time, these two creams, but alre they are "best sellers." The supply will not yet meet the demand. druggists and department stores report that they have only to leave a of the cream open on the counter and it practically sells itself just sight. Added to the fact that every woman knows of the lemon princi it is the most fragrant and luscious stuff, smelling and looking go enough to eat, almost as if it were the solidified filling for a wonde lemon layer cake.

Though the cleansing cream is higher in price than the average cleans cream, the theatrical profession is adopting it *en masse* for remov make-up, the acid of the lemon cutting the grease so perfectly. And the same reason, it is such an efficient cleanser from dirt and gre for the average skin.

* * * *

THE cleanser may be used alone. But the best results in cleaning, whitening and refining the skin, are obtained by combining the le cleansing cream with the lemon skinfood. The face is cleansed with first, and then the skinfood is rubbed into the face and left on over ni to bleach and to build up the tissues.

Having perfected his cream, Monsieur went on to make a rouge will not wash nor rub off easily, nor be absorbed into the skin, an lipstick whose color will not vanish though one eats through a whole m with it on. "Even the soup, the salad, he cannot affect it," says Monsi kissing his finger tips. Which *is* a test, if you like!

(*For the name of the unique lemon cream mentioned above, and rouge and lipstick, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZ *6 East 39th St., New York City*).

Paderewski at his Steinway

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

UPON hearing a Steinway for the first time, Richard Wagner wrote: "Our early tone masters, in writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of this, the ideal piano." Happily, the Steinway was born in time to inspire the immortal Richard, and to be divinely played and truly loved by Franz Liszt. Happily, too, it was here to voice the art of that most gifted and brilliant of pianists, Paderewski. And happily again, it is still here to bless the playing of Rachmaninoff and Hofmann, and to minister to all people who love great music.

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Vanity Fair Sports Bloomer No. 2463

Posed by Miss Kathlene Martyn

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Box 2C, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

(*Continued from page* 82)

and planning, in order to present to the audience the proper sequence of events so that the plot will be interesting; the suspense and interest well sustained. Thinking straight in drama and melodrama is a rule that must not be violated. In comedy or farce the situations are the ingredients which make for and produce laughter. There may be a hundred laugh lines, but without humorous situations, a farce is hopeless.

It used to be a rule of farce: get a man or woman in hot water in the first act, and you have the nucleus of a good farcical idea. However, it all depends on what you do with the idea after you get it started. The rule, in itself, holds good today, the same as it did in years gone by, but the situations must be probable and, if possible, unhackneyed. In other words, do not try to write the bedroom farce. This type of plot has gone out of fashion, along with "mistaken identity."

IN a character play, be certain that your character finds a response in the hearts of your audience. If the audience can say: "I knew such a character!" then you have made a good start for universal appeal. Your character must be lovable and above all he must be human. Lightnin' B Jones, in "Lightnin'," is such a character. He endears himself to you. Above all, do not write a character without faults. That sort of character is no character at all. He is a demi-god. Bill Jones has faults. Bless your heart, he has lots of 'em. But the audience loves him for all his faults. Bill is a liar, but he is a most lovable liar.

First, last and all the time, get appeal into your play before sending it to a producer for reading. Get an old-fashioned "Sally In Our Alley," or a Broadway "Sunbonnet Sue," or a simple country maid, seeing the city for the first time, and put her in your play. But if you expect the producer to present the open sesame check, wherein the characters step out of the typewritten pages and talk right out in meetin', give them appeal.

MAKE the audience laugh with your characters, make it love them and love with them, suffer with them, weep with them and then make them so human that they will appeal to the masses—*that great middle class* public!—and not the classes. Make your characters and your play hit between the gallery and the lower floor—if you who write, expect acceptance, the advance royalty check and the Broadway production.

Above all, study the technique of preparing the manuscript, along with your study of the dramatic craftsmanship of playwriting. The play that comes to the producer rolled up like a clock spring has not altogether passed, in spite of the admonitions written and printed against it, although these scripts now are in the minority.

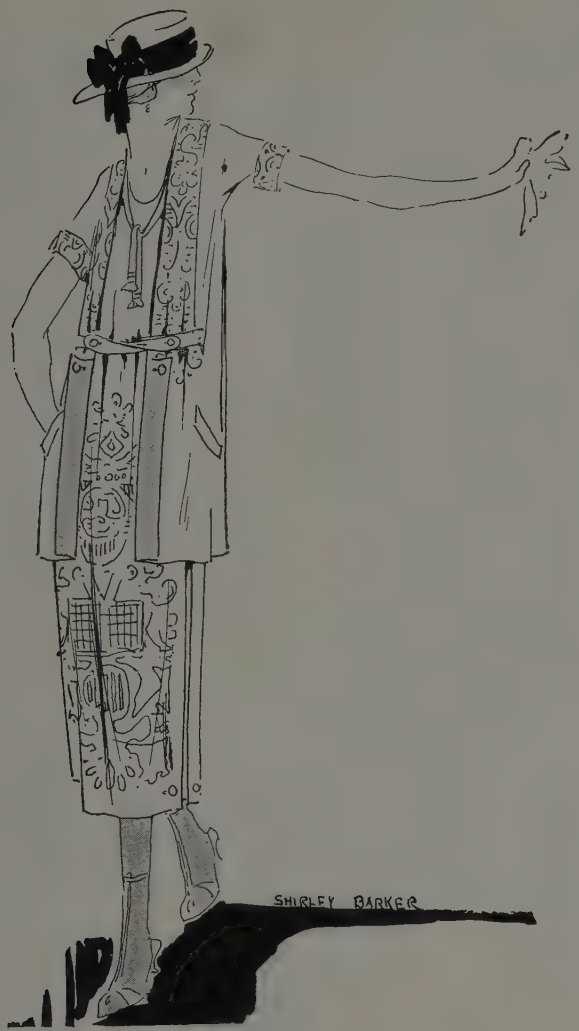
Remember that a play for a full evening's entertainment should run, in the script, from 120 to 130 pages in length. Figure a page to the minute—dialogue and business is included in this estimate. One hundred and twenty-five pages—the happy medium—will play two hours and five minutes. If it is a three-act play, ten minutes a piece are to be figured for the two intermissions, it will give your play a running time of two hours and twenty-five minutes. So that, if the curtain rises at 8:30, it will come down on the last act at five minutes to eleven. A farce may be shorter in the number of pages figured for an evening's entertainment, for time must be allowed for laughs.

UNDER no circumstances, allow your final curtain to extend beyond the time limit of eleven P. M. It is a strange but almost inviolable rule that every minute your final curtain is up beyond eleven o'clock, will count against every minute the audience has enjoyed your effort before that time. Just why this is so the writer can offer no adequate explanation; but managers will tell you that this rule has proven true time and time again.

In preparing scripts, type the name of the character in capital letters in the center of the page, and begin the dialogue one and one-half inches from the left hand side of the page, one line under the name of the character. Either keep the business or stage directions to the extreme right, or begin it two inches from the left hand side of the page, place it in parenthesis and underline with red ink. By this method, the reader is not forced to read the business and stage directions at the first reading, for the trained reader knows instinctively that certain situations call for certain set business directions, and he can visualize the business in his mind much quicker than if he had to read it. Of course, if your play calls for a certain trick of either set, or scene, or light, it can be made perfectly clear to the reader, if set off in a red ink ruled box, or noted so that the reader will understand it.

SOME playwrights run their dialogue on the same line with the name of the character, and begin the

(*Concluded on page* 138)



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She was charming. There was about her all the essential loveliness of youth—the vivacity and sparkle of a fascinating personality — that delightful air of grace and ease which come unconsciously to the girl who is accustomed to admiration.

Everywhere she was the center of attraction. Her friends adored her. Other young women sought to imitate her. Especially they copied her clothes, for they observed with the eye of true feminine wisdom that the secret of her charm lay in the art of dressing beautifully and becomingly.

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NEW FACES FOR OLD ONES

By Carol Bird

(*Concluded from page 92*)

whole gamut of emotion. This, however, is only an illusion created by the moving head. When a person moves or tilts or bends his head, his expression appears to change, when, as a matter of fact, it does not. One merely catches a different glimpse of his face at a different angle."

The construction of one of the Benda masks is much more complicated than one would imagine. Mr. Benda first draws the face, sometimes using living models. For one of his men's faces he used the drawing of a rugged mountaineer who once served as his model in Poland. After the face is completed, each smallest bone and feature is drawn, until there are about one hundred small drawings.

The pieces then resemble a picture puzzle. These are cut out and pasted together, with tiny strips of paper, like adhesive tape, until the rough mask is shaped. All the superfluous odds and ends are then hollowed out from the center, until a skull-like formation remains. Five or six or more of these models are made until the artist is finally satisfied with the result. The whole of the bristol-board foundation is then gone over with a razor-blade to smooth off the tiniest rough edge, and then Mr. Benda begins to paint the face in oils. Only when he is satisfied that the tinge of the face is that of human skin does he put aside his brush and paints.

Even the inside of the masks are beautifully finished, as smooth as the outside, and with odd and lovely designs painted in the hollow of them, thus revealing the artistic temperament. Though no one sees the inside of the mask, except, perhaps, the wearer as she or he slips it on, Mr. Benda would not himself be satisfied unless it were artistically finished.

The masks are exceedingly light, most of them weighing but a few ounces, though the more elaborate ones, with high and heavy headdress, weigh about two pounds. The wearer gets plenty of air through the numerous perforations, and can gain height by gazing through the mouth or nose holes instead of the eyes, thus pushing the mask upward several inches.

Mr. Benda has completed about twenty-five masks. The price of each one is a small fortune. He divides them into two classes, the grotesque and the realistic.

Though they are being given serious attention in the theatre world their creator regards them as something in the nature of much loved playthings.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

(*Concluded from page 136*)

character's name at the extreme left hand side of the page of his script. This style is prevalent of foreign scripts, particularly English playwrights. This reader, however, has found it confusing.

Bind your manuscript at the left in the margin of white space so that the leaves will turn similar to the pages of a book. The script may either be bound with all acts under one cover, or each act separately.

Recently a script was received in the office, the pages unbound, and the entire play laid loosely in a typewriting paper box. The box, it so happened, was knocked off the desk, with the consequence that the play could not be read until it had been sent back to the author for reassembling for, while the pages had been numbered, the acts had not been noted.

In writing plays keep them within reason. That is, hold the cast down to normal. Do not drag in extra characters, or "bits," who have nothing vital to do with the plot, except, as the author has thought, to give his play atmosphere.

It costs a lot of money to produce plays in these days of fierce competition and the high cost of everything which goes into a production: scenery, actors' salaries, etc., etc. And there is more than one producer who will pass the script by—no matter how appealing it may be—if the cast runs to more than ten or twelve characters. Likewise, keep the number of your "sets" within reason. Canvas, paint, properties, electric equipment costs a tidy sum today, and if you can tell your drama in one or two sets, all the better, for, remember, scenery never has made and never will make a drama. In fact, the Bard of Avon's remark, now somewhat garbled has it: "The Play's the Thing!" Which might, with equal facility, be changed to APPEAL'S THE THING!

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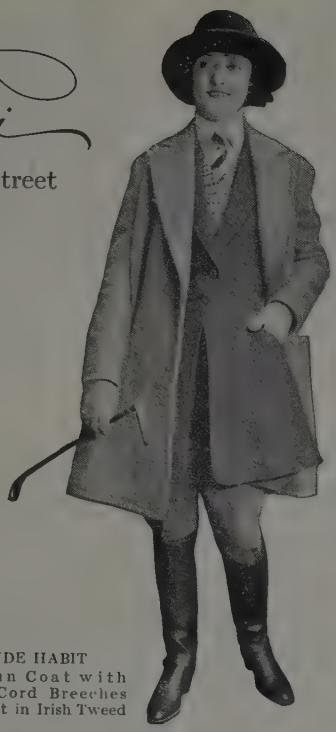
New York



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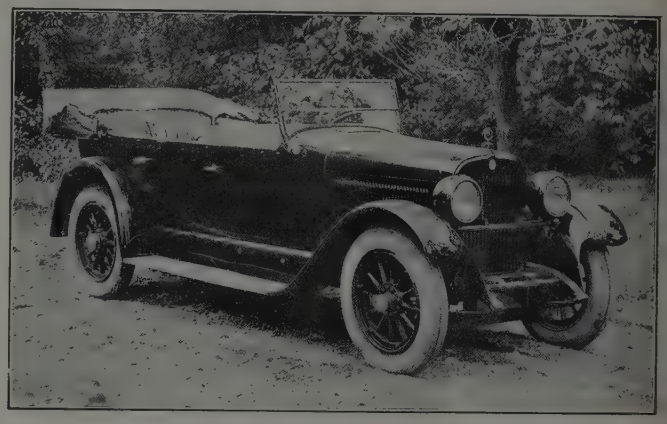

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There are many new features incorporated in the Meteor that direct closer attention to its substantial details

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Name.....

Address.....

RALEIGH: SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN

(*Continued from page* 118)

This decision leads to his destruction, for the next scene reveals the spiteful tyranny of the King from whom Raleigh has wrung a reluctant permission for his venture. When the adventurer comes with his company to take his leave, he is only permitted to go because he has promised to return with great treasure stores for the King's favorite, Villiers. Thus is foreshadowed the failure of the expedition which led to Raleigh's ruin. For the Spirit of the Orinoco appears to him again and this time the water-sprite dances with sinister alurement, tempting him on his last voyage across the seas.

IN the Final Episode, the night of Raleigh's Execution, October 28, 1618, Raleigh protests his innocence of the charges of treason and bravely declines to "flatter or fear princes." He goes to his death still cherishing his vision of the "Citie of Raleigh in Virginia," and a land which "will yet see itself an English nation!" As the low tolling of the death-bell sounds, the Spirit of Youth returns. As though purged by sacrifice, she bears aloft the torch of freedom, of the vision which transcends death and, from the dance of the triumphant Chorus of Youth, there swells the sounds of a great crowd singing to the same music alternate stanzas of "God Save Britannia's Queen," and "Hail, America," to suggest the common inheritance of the two lands in Raleigh's vision. Then the youthful Raleigh appears once again, and stands now for a moment in a Field of Light, under the united banners of England and America.

Raleigh in his later years was portrayed in this production in the Second Part by Dr. W. C. Horton, who brought out with fine restraint the dignity and pathos of Raleigh's final struggle. The acting in these sombre and more intimate scenes was difficult as it was essential for the success of the piece and these parts were most creditably executed. Through the tragic feeling which pointed to the ending came gleams of fantasy, the alluring dancing of the water-sprite, Orinoco, in her sea-green draperies and the vision of Venezuela, stately and voluptuous, bring her dreams of gold.

The success of the union of spectacle and literary excellence in the spoken lines was aided by the careful attention to costuming. The audience was entranced by a kaleidoscope of color in the great festival scenes where the stately Queen and her courtiers revealed the joyous youthful spirit of the times. Even in the later scenes the costumes of James and his courtiers and soldiers formed smaller spots of color and the figures of Raleigh's vision were radiant.

All the costumes were home-made. The entire community joined together to work for the production. Materials for many of the five hundred costumes were donated from attics and store-rooms and volunteers from the Woman's Club designed and executed them under the direction of Miss Grimball. Some wonderful effects were secured by the ingenious arrangement of "Ten Cent Store" jewels, feathers and gilt braid.

The dancing Chorus of Youth was drawn from the High School and the children of the City Schools joined in the dances and featured in the festival crowd. Workers of the community participated in the choruses or aided in the execution of the properties and lighting effects. The most striking feature of the Pageant was the acting of the principal players, many of them altogether inexperienced. To all who participated came the opportunity for self-expression along lines of their interests. The author who wrote the Pageant-Drama and initiated and supervised its production has afforded to Raleigh and to the State of North Carolina an opportunity for contributing notably to the celebrations of this Pilgrim Tercentenary year.

This is the first of a series of Community Dramas planned by the Extension Department of the University of North Carolina, under the direction of Professor Koch. The successful production of *Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean,* initiates a movement which he hopes will lead to the embodying, in dramatic form, the ideals and rich traditions of the people of North Carolina, and the building of a new literature in the South.

VICTOR RECORDS

A Victor Record that will particularly appeal to lovers of opera is "Nemico della Patria" from Andrea Chenier, sung by Titta Ruffo. Sung with virile power, the major and minor alternating with the struggle of good and evil in the breast of the villain who is almost a hero, it blends love of country, idealism and disillusion in every bar. The climax is magnificent, the voice of the famous baritone, for all its singular power, being supported to the close by the lordly tones of trumpets.

"Feather Your Nest," by Alber Campbell and Henry Burr, and "Ol Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?" by Henry Burr are splendid songs on the same Victor Record.—*Adv*

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ROYALTY PLAYS

By professional authors for amateur production, ranking with the best professional plays. Among them are "*Gettin' Acquainted*," by Georgia Earle of Keith Circuit fame; "*Whose Little Bride Are You?*" by Edith Ellis, Author of "*Mary Jane's Pa*" and other nation-wide successes; "*For The Love of Johnny*" by Harry Hamilton; "*And Home Came Ted*" by Walter Ben Hare; and many others equally noted. Send for complete list, also catalogue free of Vaudeville Sketches Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand Books, Operettas, Folk Dances, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Drills, Wig, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make Up Goods. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 45, CHICAGO

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THE JOYS OF VOD-VIL

By ESTELLE HAMBERGER

(*Concluded from page* 108)

she has with her?" The audience leans forward as if to see. "That's me!"

"Gee, that one's got whiskers," contemptuously remarks a young girl, "I fell out of my cradle laughing at that." She seems to feel that a supercilious attitude is justifiable when she expected to be treated to an orchestra seat and landed up in the balcony. Another version of criticism of the stage humorist is voiced in the gallery.

"Gee, that guy's line of gas is swell!" It is the word of one man who appreciates it to another.

The monologist has planned a little surprise for his audience tonight, he tells them. The orchestra strikes up.

"I'm going to render a little song that I wrote myself," states the hero, modestly, "and I would like to learn your opinion of it." The audience appoints itself critic and the brakes squeak out:

"All life holds for me is a
ra-ha-ha-haggy me-hello-dy . . ."

The audience endorses the creation of the composer-singer, and encourages him to "render" another.

"My own new version of an old, old theme:"

"There ain't no blues like the
Melancholy Blues
Mah sweetie gives to me!"

NEXT comes the event of the evening. Blazing in headlights outside the theatre, its turn now comes to blaze in the spotlight. The sketch—Mme. Sue Ratt & Co.—in her remarkable one-act playlet with all the fire of the drama, all the humor of the farce, all the intensity of the tragedy, all the changes of costume and scenery of the musical comedy. The heroine raves, the hero rants, the villain roars. The hero saves the heroine's life and reputation. The villain is foiled. The heroine marries the hero. It is very unusual—an intricate complication of plot, drawn to a startling climax, unravelled into a stupendous ending. It brings down the house—down from the peak of emotion to the next act—the acrobats.

"Aw, don't let's stay for this, Johnnie, I know a grand place where we can get some chop suey. Acrobats make me so nervous," pleads a pair of very red lips and very blue eyes.

"Gwan, this is the best part of the show, Gert, we'll get the chop suey all right all right, but these fellows have got them tricks down pretty neat."

Gert's devotion to Johnnie makes her sit through it, but she closes her eyes tightly when they swing too far out on the trapezes.

THROUGHOUT the act of the acrobats, the six Jones brothers, who never saw each others' cradles, the ladies adjust their hats and manoeuvre to get their arms into the sleeves of their coats, and the young girls powder their noses, adroitly hiding powder puffs from their escorts' eyes by manipulating them through the folds of their handkerchiefs. Five of the Jones Brothers stand upon the shoulders of the sixth mighty Hercules, forming an inverted pyramid, with him as an apex, and upon this pose of triumph, the curtain falls. The show is over.

What would the world do without vaudeville? It wouldn't. That is the only answer. We can get along without caviar, almanacs, opera glasses, red flannel shirts and hootch, but we can't get along without mirth, jollity, good nature or laughter. These are the real forces that spin the old earth around on its axis, let the Czecho-Slovaks, Soviets, Republicans, Democrats, college professors say what they will. If Irene, the stenographer, couldn't go down town and tell Willie, the clerk, a "new one" that she heard last night, and if Willie couldn't tuck it up his sleeve and take it home to tell to his Lucile, as a sample of the "great bill" at the Mutt and Jeff Theatre this week, demagogues could dem and philosophers could phil in vain. If vaudeville "spreads happiness to millions," it has a place in the world, and a place in the sun! The only man to feel sorry for is the man who curls the lip of scorn at the things that make other people laugh.

PAUL HELLEU

ONE of the most interesting and artistic covers ever drawn for a publication is the March cover of The Theatre Magazine by PAUL HELLEU, the noted French pastellist. Helleu who has long ago become famous for the beauty, simplicity, and sincerity of his interpretations of feminine charm and elegance, has chosen for his subject MISS ANN ANDREWS, one of America's most charming comediennes now appearing in "the Champion" with Grant Mitchell.

In order to secure a copy of the March issue leave your order with your news dealer today

Helleu has achieved international fame for his work in dry point. Some of his better known etchings include portraits of Queen Alexandria, Princess Patricia, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. John Barrymore. His pastel of Miss Andrews is the first portrait he has ever done for any magazine.

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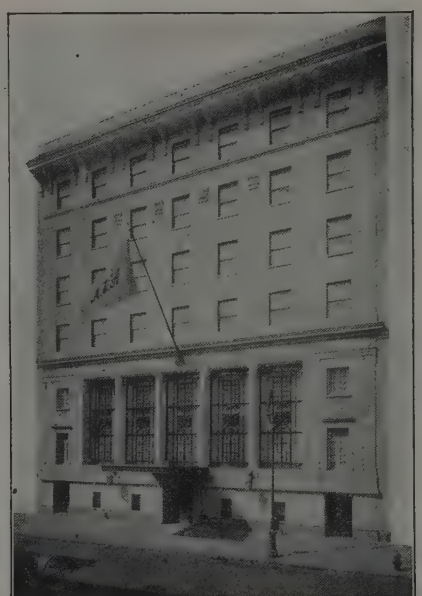

National Vaudeville Artists, Inc.
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HENRY CHESTERFIELD, Secretary

THE COUNTRY THEATRE MOVEMENT

(*Continued from page* 119)

about one hundred and fifty per month so far this fall.

ALL in all, the Country Theatre proves to have had a soundly planned beginning, and the latent interest in the movement was evidenced from its inception. Much can be done by satisfying the present need and desire for help, and a more comprehensive organization for the future is plainly possible, in fact, it is essential, if the educational and recreational results already showing are to be made permanent. If New York State can do this, every State, and perhaps, many a county, can do likewise. Is there a leader?

The Cornell Dramatic Club after its strenuous work at the Fair, has opened its 14th season at the University and its fifth season in the Campus Theatre, and its ninth year under the present Director, with the presentation of its Country Theatre group, to the University community. The Club's plans for the year include the presentation of six groups of high-grade one-act plays in the Campus Theatre—an equipment similar to the 47 Workshop Theatre at Harvard; a study course in direction, acting, and production for members of the Club; the presentation of one or two full length plays—Moody's "Faith Healer," or something comparable to this; the appearance of the McEntee Shakespeare Playhouse Troupe in one of its Irish plays—probably the "Playboy of the Western World;" and the usual "little theatre" activities of the Club which annually enlist from one hundred and fifty to two hundred undergraduates. These activities have given the Club a high place among Cornell institutions, and the Club's work high ranking among collegiate dramatic organizations.

It is expected that because of its good work at the State Fair, the Cornell Club will again be chosen as the working organization of the State Fair Country Theatre.

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page* 120)

Marvel Carburetor Co., with the Chevrolet band playing.

Rotarians in episode 4 were the Pioneers. They were received by the Indians, a peace pact made with the chief, and the lands given over to the pioneers. The Stars and Stripes was then raised. In the procession was a type of the old prairie schooner, the first method of transportation from the east to the west. The first Settlers appear, and the little city of Flint is founded.

Industries of the locality, lumbering, agriculture, vehicle building, and the automobile industry were shown. Irish, English, Russian, and Scotch folk dances were given by the Catholic Business Girl's club.

The spirit of '61 was portrayed in the seventh episode, the parade being headed by a fife and drum corps. Here the townspeople gathered to hear the proclamation of war. From '61 the pageant progressed to the present day.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

WHO was the first actor to interpret G. B. Shaw successfully in the United States? Has his one-act play, "Heartbreak House," been given here?—P. T., Covington, Ky.

Arnold Daly produced "Candida," for a single matinée, at the Princess Theatre, New York City, December 9, 1903. The success of both play and actor was so marked that Mr. Daly and Mr. Winchell Smith formed a partnership to produce the play at the Berkeley Lyceum. There "Candida" ran for more than one hundred and fifty nights. Mr. Daly later presented more Shaw plays, including "The Man of Destiny," and "How He Lied to Her Husband," a travesty on "Candida." The Theatre Guild produced "Hearbreak House" at the Garrick Theatre, New York, Nov. 10, 1920.

WHAT has become of Milton Nobles?—Y. R., Lexington, Ky.

After a long retirement from the stage, Mr. Nobles returned to Broadway recently to act occasionally in Frank Bacon's part and play, "Lightnin'." Mr. Nobles was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was educated at the public schools there. He began his stage career in stock companies. Eventually, he became a star in "The Phoenix," which lasted him for twenty years.

IS Julie Opp an American or an Englishwoman?—L. B., Birmingham, Ala.

The actress was born in New York City, in 1873, and educated in a convent here. She acted in London, at the St. James's Theatre, London, where she was understudy to Julia Neilson, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." During the illness of Miss Neilson, she played Rosalind, and made her first big success. She was next seen in "The Princess and the Butterfly," in London, and in 1898, she appeared in this country in the same play. Later, she returned to England, where she originated the rôle of Katherine de Vaucelle, in "If I Were King." In 1902, Miss Opp married William Faversham, in whose company she had been playing leading rôles.

HAS Christie MacDonald retired from the stage? Will you tell me something about her stage career? —S. R., Baltimore, Md.

No. Miss MacDonald was seen recently in the revival of "Florodora." She was born in Boston, where she played several small parts in summer companies while she was still in her 'teens. In 1892 she made her first professional engagement, appearing with Pauline Hall. Later she joined Francis Wilson's company and took small parts in "The Lion Tamer," and "The Merry Monarch." At this time she also understudied for Lulu Glaser. She became a star in February, 1900, at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, in "The Princess Chic." Her success was noteworthy and won her recognition as a prima donna of light opera. Some of her later rôles were in "Mexicana," "The Belle of Mayfair," and "Miss Hook of Holland."

Sketch by Marion Downer

AT THE PLAY

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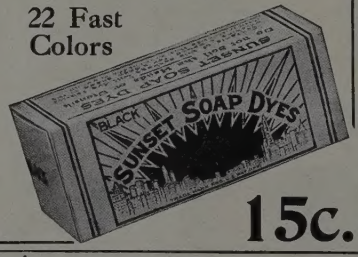

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"DEBURAU"

(Concluded from page 82)

and ready to do what she can. She insists on bringing in a doctor, who, quite unaware of his patient's identity, shakes his head. The condition is grave. There is only one remedy. The patient must get away from himself. He must get out—enjoy himself. Why not the theatre? Yes, that's it—go and see Deburau. Pierrot drags himself to his feet. Yes. He will return to the stage.

In the fourth and last act, Deburau is again before the audience at the Funambules. Apparently, he is the same as before, but something is lacking in his performance. The audience remain cold. Conscious of his inability to stir them in the old way, he falters, blunders repeatedly until, suddenly, amid the sepulchral silence, comes a sibilant hiss. Others take up the dreaded sound of disapproval until half the spectators are jeering their one time favorite.

He staggers forward with outstretched hand to explain, but no word comes from his mouth. Then he resorts to pantomime, telling them in pathetic gesture, the language he knows best, how ill he has been, and how it breaks his heart to know he has failed them. The tears streaming down his face, he bids them farewell.

The audience file out. In the empty theatre the manager is posting bills for the next performance. Deburau timidly approaches him. It will not, he says, be necessary to change the name of the Pierrot. His son Charles can play the part.

Bringing his son forward as his successor, he offers to prompt him and from his own color box he "makes up" his son's face for the performance. While the boy sits with his back turned, and with the other players gathered curiously around, Deburau bids his old comrades farewell in a beautifully worded speech setting forth the philosophy of the actor. When the boy again turns round you see him with the whitened face of the traditional Pierrot. Drawing his son aside, the old actor whispers his last words of advice. Outside are heard the shouts of the manager drumming in the crowd.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

YOU'RE fond of the theatre, naturally. You'd go to the play every night if you could.

Why are you so fond of theatre-going? Primarily because the stage gives you vivid representations of actual life—the drama or comedy of everyday existence in which you, yourself, play a part—with living actors saying just what you'd expect them to say under the circumstances, sometimes saying the precise opposite, but always saying something that interests or provokes laughter. Because, also, you like to watch and listen to the players—to follow the dialogue, their movements, facial play, etc.

That is why the theatre proper—that is, the Acted Drama—will always be immeasurably superior as a medium of public entertainment to the motion picture, or Silent Drama, where the sole appeal is to the eye, and that is why you, Mr. or Miss Intelligent Person, cannot do without the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the *première* publication in its field, if you wish to be up-to-date in matters theatrical.

The most misunderstood and maligned young person on the stage is undoubtedly the chorus girl. All sorts of terrible sins are laid at her door. Declared the incarnation of every wickedness known to her sex, she is accused of breaking up homes and encouraging the attentions of stage door Johnnies who squander their substance on joy rides and lobster suppers—in a word, the life of pleasure.

Yet, with all this public prejudice, there is no question as to the chorus girl's popularity. She has been an indispensable factor in the success of every Broadway show, not only since the palmy days of "The Black Crook," but ever since the theatre became an institution.

What are chorus girls, anyway? Are they gold diggers or are they actresses—these golden-tressed dames of the ensemble?

Read James S. Metcalfe's article on this subject in our next issue.

Are you a George Bernard Shaw fan? You've laughed at the playwright's witticisms, of course, and you've admired his keen, scintillating dialogue. You've also relished his sledge-hammer blows at the shams and hum-bugs of life. But what do you think of his philosophy? Has it occurred to you that G. B. S., the merciless flayer of society, the implacable critic of other people's foibles is, himself, open to criticism? Have you ever found a single human note in any of his plays? Are any of his characters normal, healthy-minded persons?

G. B. S. has a huge following, among our *inteligentzia*, but many people believe he is an unwholesome influence, and that his plays are not the masterpieces he insists they are.

Read what Charles Henry Meltzer has to say about him in our next issue. It is an important article which completely shatters the Shavian legend, and one that is bound to arouse discussion. It may also shock some Shaw enthusiasts.

One of the most amazing stage developments of recent years has been the success of the Theatre Guild. This company of American players, organized on the co-operative plan, although only a youngster, has already shown the commercial manager a thing or two about his own business.

The Guild has accomplished that theatrical miracle—it has made box-office successes, that is to say, money successes, out of "highbrow" plays. "John Ferguson," "Jane Clegg," "On the Horizon," "Heartbreak House"—so-called literary plays that no commercial manager would touch with a ten foot pole, were taken to the bosom of the Theatre Guild, and produced with such success that they played to "standing room only," for weeks.

To what is that success due? Dudley Digges, who played the husband in "Jane Clegg," and is now appearing as Boss Mangan in "Heartbreak House," and who has been identified with the Theatre Guild since its inception, will tell us the reasons why. See his interesting article in our next issue.

In the Home of the Player—This new feature, which made its bow with our February issue, will continue to give you fascinating glimpses into the homes of America's stars. Many players own priceless collections of art objects. These treasures are exquisitely reproduced in the new department in each issue.

IN THIS ISSUE

MARCH, 1921

ANN ANDREWS by Paul Helleu		*Cover*
JAMES K. HACKETT AS MACBETH		*Frontispiece*
THE RISE OF THE PRESS AGENT	*James L. Ford*	154
COMEDY AND PATHOS IN NEW PLAYS		155
THEATRE PLANTS	*George C. Jenks*	156
SHAKESPERIAN STAR AND FAMOUS OPERETTA		157
MEMORIES OF ERMINIE		158
YESTERDAY AND TODAY MIRRORED IN RECENT PLAYS		159
IN THE SPOTLIGHT		160
ENRICO CARUSO—Full page portrait		161
IN THE GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS		162
CLASH OF RELIGION IN ST. JOHN ERVINE'S PLAY		163
"BEAUTY" SMITH	*Ada Patterson*	164
BEAUTY AND TALENT IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1921"		165
DE WOLF HOPPER—Full page portrait		166
FRANCIS WILSON—Full page portrait		167
OPERAS AND PLAYS ENLIVEN MONTE CARLO'S SEASON		169
BALLET AND DANCERS DAZZLE NEW YORK		171
GUITRY'S PLAY "DEBURAU" TOLD IN PICTURES		172
GEORGETTE LEBLANC—AN AGELESS WOMAN	*Richard Graham*	174
FAIR FACES ON BROADWAY		175
TUNEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL "SALLY"		176
MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY		177
LAUGHTER IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN PLAYS		181
SYNTHETIC DRAMA	*Walter A. Lowenberg*	182
THE COME-BACK OF THE MALE STAR	*Helen Ten Broeck*	184
MOTION PICTURE SECTION		185
AMATEUR STAGE		189
THE PROGRAM OF FASHION		193

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